Saturday Night

June 20, 1953 • 10 Cents

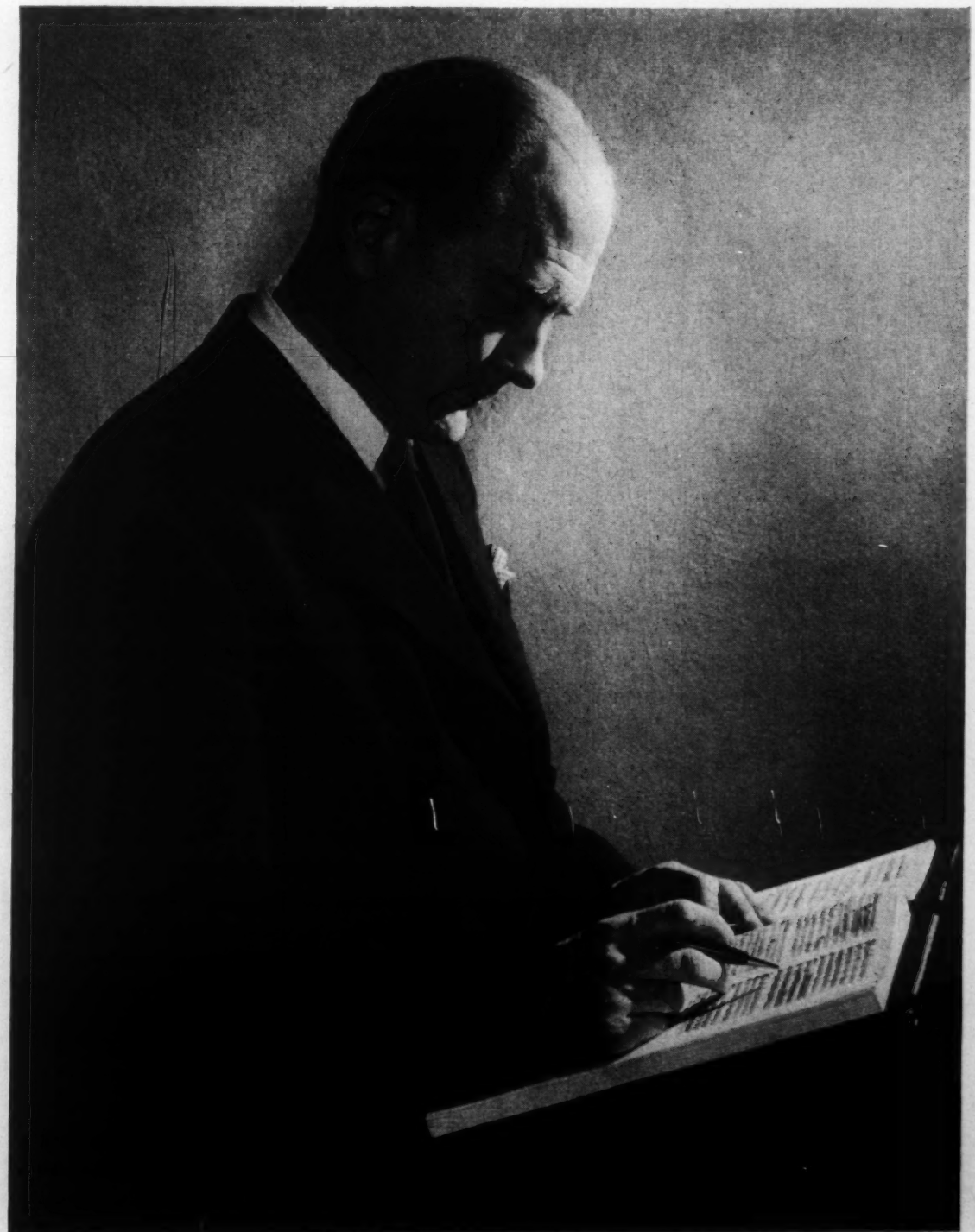
The Front Page

Magistrate T. H. Moorehead, dispensing justice in his Cooksville, Ont., court for the last time before his retirement, was quoted as saying: "Some people say there are too many jails, but I think we need more jails."

The magistrate's remark made a neat footnote to what the Ontario Legislature's select committee on reform institutions had been told just a few days earlier by D.W.F. Coughlin, director of probation services for the Attorney-General's department. Mr. Coughlin warned the legislators: "Either Ontario has to organize to catch the offender at the start to reclaim him, or start to build more and more prisons—and quickly."

The magistrate and the director were talking about Ontario, but the problem of an increasing prison population is not confined to one province. It is general across the country.

Now, if more and more people are sentenced to jail terms, obviously there must be the jails to accommodate them. As a housing shortage develops, new prisons can be built, and old ones enlarged; but there are several reasons why we should do a lot of questioning before we decide to undertake an extensive



Ken Bell

BOYD NEEL: From Medicine to Music

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

program of construction.

A logical place to start the questioning would be the courtrooms where the charges are heard and guilt or innocence decided. It may be that more jail terms than necessary are being imposed, and that our entire system of dispensing justice needs a thorough overhaul. This possibility is strengthened by a comparison made by Mr. Coughlin for the Ontario committee: in 1950, England and Wales sent one person out of every 2,095 to jail, but in the same year Canada put one in every 139 in a prison cell.

If we take those figures to mean that Canadians are a much less law-abiding people than the British, we can accept the magistrate's opinion that what we need is more jails. But it would be absurd to draw such a conclusion. The lesson of the figures is not that the British are less criminally inclined than we are, but that they are more sensible in their application of the laws. They have learnt that it is better to build schools than prisons, to give law-breakers a chance to re-establish themselves before going to jail, instead of afterwards, and to modify punishment for offences against society according to the intellectual and moral development of that society.

If our prison population is rising, the obvious thing to do is to find out why; and in our exploration, we cannot assume that the fault lies wholly with the people who offend against the law and with the handling of them once they are in jail. What is needed, too, is a long close look at the law itself and the way it is dispensed.

Mountains to Climb

THE CONQUEST of Everest was a splendid achievement, a glowing example of what can be done by skilled, courageous and determined men. But there has been a disconcerting smugness in a great deal of the comment about the feat, as if it were not so much the accomplishment of a few dedicated climbers as the inevitable result of the hardihood of all of us. It has been the comment of spectators who are convinced that they could throw as sharp a curve as Robin Roberts or shoot as swift a puck as Gordie Howe if only they cared to take the time off from their work at bench and desk.

The truth is, of course, that the spectators are a pretty flabby lot, as much in mind as in body. We are too soft, most of us, to seek our own glory, finding it easier to bask in that reflected by others. Before all of us there are mountains at whose peaks the air is clear and the view long, but the climbing trails are indistinct and rough, the valley roads broad and smooth. We thrill to the adventures of the few, but we pursue something we call "security" with the desperation of an inbred fear.

We are flabby because we fear, and we fear because we are ignorant—ghost-ridden and fetish-held because we lack the skill, the courage and the determination to reason. The other day, Dr. Nathan M. Pusey, newly elected president of Harvard University, told his colleagues: "The true business of liberal education is greatness. It is our task not to produce 'safe' men in whom our safety can never in any case lie, but to keep alive in young people the courage to dare to seek the truth, to be free, to establish in them a compelling desire to live greatly and magnanimously." It is when we begin to be aware of each individual's opportunity to live greatly that we begin to shed our soft fat and to build the muscle needed for the long climb.

Highway Menaces

SEVERAL NEWSPAPERS have been drawing attention during recent weeks to the problem of the highway laggard, the motorist who dawdles along on an express highway. Quite rightly, they have been pointing out that this kind of driver is as much a menace as the one who is crazed by speed. Judging by the correspondence published by the papers, there is considerable public support for the demand that there be a minimum as well as a maximum speed limit set for certain highways.

While traffic authorities are considering the question of speed, they should give some thought to the problem of the road-hog. Invariably he is a driver who does not keep up with the general speed of the rest of the traffic, and he insists upon occupying the inner lane. The motorist who wants to pass him must either cut out to the wrong side of the road or try to slip by on the driver's right—both extremely dangerous courses of action.

A Word for Parents

PARENTS ARE a pretty sorry lot, if we can believe all we're told by various psychologists, social workers and professional speechifiers. There are no bad little children, only bad parents; there would be no need for juvenile courts if parents were on the job; parents do not administer enough spankings; parents should do no spanking; and so on. Now clergymen of the United Church have joined in the outcry. The Toronto Conference was told the other day that one of the reasons for the present shortage of clergymen was that parents were persuading their sons not to enter the ministry. If parents are to be held responsible for everything about their children, from morals to choice of a vocation, a lot of other people had better start trying to justify their own reasons for being.

In the Heart

REV. E. G. HANSELL, the Social Credit MP for Macleod, was quoted as telling an audience in Winnipeg the other day that "party supporters don't have to understand the principles of Social Credit as long as they feel it in their hearts." We do not think the astute Mr. Hansell has a good thing in this line of argument; there is little merit in the physiological, as opposed to the rational, approach to politics. Suppose, for instance, that the party supporter discovers, on voting day, that what he feels is not Social Credit at all, but heartburn?

Where Were the Members?

AFTER THE VERY tricky bit of business (for which Transport Minister Chevrier must bear the responsibility) whereby Toronto was plundered of an invaluable TV channel and the potential Canadian competition to the CBC there cut in half, the Toronto *Telegram* asked this question: "Where were the Toronto Members of Parliament when all this was going on?"

The more we thought about it, the more pertinent that question appeared to be. What do Members of Parliament do, when the House is not in session, and some Department of the Government clouts large numbers of their constituents with an arbitrary ruling? It could happen—and has happened—from St. John's to Victoria, but in this instance it happened to Toronto, and the answer was at hand. So we proceeded to ask the Toronto members what they had done about the theft of the TV channel.

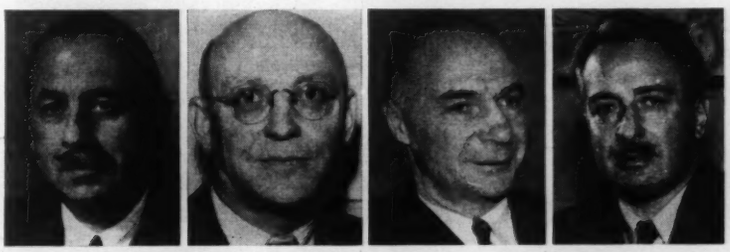
Four of them (Rodney Adamson, PC, York West; Lionel Conacher, Lib., Trinity; Donald Fleming, PC, Eglinton; and Paul Hellyer, Lib., Davenport) were in England for the Coronation celebrations. Mr. Fleming, however, had learnt before he left that something was afoot, and dispatched a letter to the CBC Board of Governors. This was confirmed by J. M. Macdonnell (PC, Greenwood), who told us: "I wrote to the CBC Board of Governors, along with Donald Fleming, on May 25. We said we understood that they were going to take away a channel from Toronto, and we protested most strongly that this was unfair to the city. I have since had a reply from the CBC saying that the matter came up before the Board in Ottawa but that the Board had recommended deferment. This does not seem to be in line with what has been published in the newspapers, and I intend to pursue the matter further."

A promise of some action was given by Alan Cameron (Lib., High Park), who thought that "the whole thing is a very involved matter, and not one to be discussed in a few words," but "you can rest assured that Toronto's MP's will not let anything be taken away from the city that Toronto is entitled to . . . You can be certain that irrespective of our political beliefs, we shall be doing something about the matter."

Mr. Cameron's promised action might be a little tardy, but even so his statement was a sparkling thing beside the comment of most of the other Members. We gathered that some were indifferent to what happened to their city, others showed a naive faith in the Government's ability to do the Right Thing on all occasions, and the remainder were obviously overwhelmed by the thought of trying to stop the Ottawa juggernaut.

We had high hopes for David Croll (Lib., Spadina), who has established something of a reputation for being less swift than most of his colleagues to rubber-stamp the decisions of his party bosses. But the dean of Toronto's Liberal Members sought the traditional haven of pawky politicians. "I am not prepared to make any comment," he said.

J. W. G. Hunter (Lib., Parkdale) said he "knew the application was in, even though we didn't hear of it through official channels. But what could we do? We could have ap-



R. Adamson (PC) *A. J. P. Cameron (L)* *Lionel Conacher (L)* *David Croll (L)*

Donald Fleming (PC) *George Hees (PC)* *Paul Hellyer (L)* *Charles Henry (L)*

Some were indifferent, some felt helpless, and some were in England.

The Front Page

peared before the Board, but we would have had no status. . . We were not invited to be present." Much the same response came from George Hees (PC, Broadview): "It happened after Parliament closed and wasn't discussed in the House. The Conservative members might well have objected, but the Government would have seen it pushed through anyway, in the same way as any other piece of legislation." We have known men to stand up and holler, just for the satisfaction of making their position clear to all.

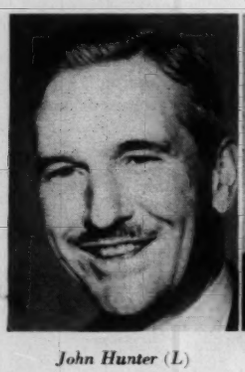
Robert McGregor (PC, York East) and Joseph Noseworthy (CCF, York South), had much the same thing to say: "What progress can be made when we are so outnumbered?" In fairness to Mr. Noseworthy, however, it should be noted that he told a Toronto newspaper: "Toronto's one remaining channel should be awarded a private operator. There isn't any doubt that TV in Toronto would be improved by giving the CBC some competition."

John Eachern Smith (Lib., York North) was a little more definite: "At the moment, I must confess, I don't see that there is anything wrong with the switch. I am quite sure there is no intention to discriminate against Toronto in any way. Mind you, I have not yet studied all aspects of the case. It will merit further study, and it may be that I shall have some comment to make or some action to take later on." Also studying the matter was James Rooney (Lib., St. Paul's): "I have all the literature on the subject, but since getting back from Ottawa I haven't had a chance to study it. I have had several letters from my constituents saying that action should not be taken as quickly as it appears to have been done. It is a subject I am very anxious about, but I haven't really had much chance to consider it. I'm still studying the whole matter."

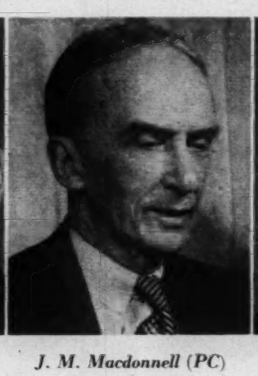
Charles Henry (Lib., Rosedale) felt that "ultimately, in Toronto and elsewhere, we look forward to private enterprise entering the field alongside the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation," but "there are appropriate authorities whose duty it is to hear submissions as to the manner in which wave lengths are allotted for radio and television. To date, these authorities have allotted the wave lengths in a manner satisfactory to most Canadians, and I trust that this state of satisfaction will continue in future."

And that is what the Toronto Members were doing, or not doing, when the Big Channel Steal took place.

It is possible, of course, that some of them may have had second thoughts on the subject since it was first broached, in which case their constituents (who have been deprived of a freedom of choice by the decision of the Minister of Transport) undoubtedly will be happy to hear about it. But the damage, unfortunately, is done.

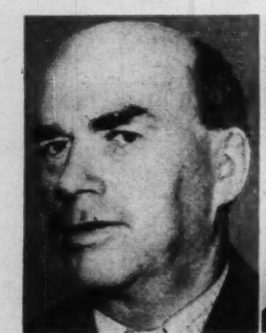


John Hunter (L)

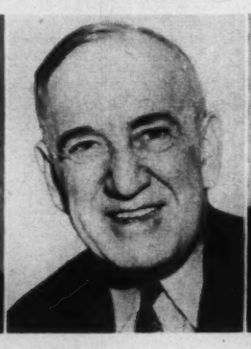


J. M. Macdonnell (PC)

Robert McGregor (PC)



J. Nosewort'iy (CCF)



James Rooney (L)

John Smith (L)

A protest was made by two of the members.

Fat But Not Jolly

A NEW YORK psychiatrist has developed a theory that fat people are not jolly at all, but "are actually taking out their hostility and unresolved aggressions by means of oral aggression." In the language of the layman, they are attacking food too often and too ferociously. It is a plausible theory. Certainly there are few creatures so hostile as fat people deprived of their normal outlet for unresolved aggressions by a program of dieting, or so aggressive in trying to force that program on others once they have managed to lose a few pounds.

Comfort to the Enemy

IT HAS BEEN demonstrated many times that Communists, assigned to do a job of infiltration, are endlessly patient and devious, but we had no idea that they would spend better than ten years of diligent work on the capture of a comfort station. Yet that is what the Municipal Civil Service Commission of New York suspects.

Bonaventura Pinggera became a U.S. citizen in 1942, worked ten years as a temporary washroom attendant in New York City, took and passed an examination for permanent status in 1951, went on the payroll as a full-fledged attendant grade one (salary, $2,110 a year) in 1952, and was fired last December because his loyalty was questioned. Mr. Pinggera said he had belonged to the Communist party from 1936 to 1939, when he was kicked out for criticizing the Soviet agreement with Hitler.

A couple of weeks ago, Supreme Court Justice Aron Steuer ordered the Civil Service Commission to reinstate Mr. Pinggera, because there was no evidence of "present disloyalty," and "it is a bit difficult to visualize how a washroom attendant in his official capacity can give aid to his country's enemies."

Obviously, the thing for Mr. Pinggera to do is to make his own loyalty checks on people using his comfort station. Then he can exclude the disloyal, and never will anyone be able to accuse him of giving comfort to the enemy.

Dean of the Conservatory

DR. BOYD NEEL, who will become Dean of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto next Sept. 1, organized an orchestra in London in 1932. In June of the following year, he conducted it at its first professional concert, at the Aeolian Hall on Bond Street. At the end of the concert, the newspaper critics went back to their offices to write glowing reports about the debut, and Dr. Neel went back to his surgery near the Elephant and Castle, and a few minutes later was on his way to deliver a baby somewhere in Southwark.

At that time, he was a 28-year-old general practitioner, having obtained his medical degree in 1930. Music was his hobby, but it became his profession in 1934; he abandoned medicine, returning to it only for a brief period during World War II.

During the 30's, the reputation of the Boyd Neel Orchestra grew steadily. The group dispersed on the outbreak of war, but on the tenth anniversary of that first concert, in June 1943, enough of the players managed to congregate in London to present an anniversary program. For the event, Benjamin Britten wrote a Prelude and Fugue, scoring one part for each of the 18 members of the group. Only twelve managed to get there, but substitutes were found to fill the gaps and the concert was a great success.

After the war, the orchestra played all over Europe, North America and the Antipodes, to the cheers of critics and audiences in all the places it visited. Dr. Neel himself won various honors—an impressive list of appearances as guest conductor, and appointment as a Commander of the British Empire in the last New Year's Honors List.

Dr. Neel will have complete authority over all activities carried on by the Conservatory. His arrival will complete the reorganization which started at the Conservatory a couple of years ago. A quiet, tall (5 feet 11 inches) Englishman, still unmarried, he is no stranger to Canada and has shown a particular interest in original Canadian composition.

No Government Magic

SO MANY HONEST citizens still seem to believe that there is some sort of magic in the great, vague thing they call The Government, some strange alchemy whereby men of no particular talent can be changed overnight into executives of the greatest wisdom and perspicacity. From this quaint superstitution comes another belief: that The Government can do a much better job of making steel or milking cows or cooking doughnuts than can the people who have spent long years learning how to do those things.

People cling fondly to their superstitions, and relinquish them only after a great deal of buffeting by reality. Saskatchewan is providing an interesting test case of just how many buffets it takes to discourage believers in the myth of the omniscience of The Government.

It has been announced that the government woollen mill at Moose Jaw will lock its doors at the end of June. It has been in operation for seven years, and during that time has lost more than half a million dollars. Other government ventures in Saskatchewan which failed were a tannery and shoe factory, which lost over $155,000, and fish filleting plants which closed after losing $360,000.

Myths may be good fun, but they seldom make good sense.

Royal Awards

THERE HAS been a brisk little argument under way since Queen Elizabeth conferred knighthoods on a jockey and a cricketer. It was not the first time for a cricketer to be so honored; Australia's Don Bradman had a title conferred upon him, but he was a Gentleman, while Jack Hobbs, named in the latest Honors list, was, in his active days, a Player, a professional. The traditionalists have expressed their pain—in a well-bred way, of course; and the spokesmen for the Common Man have cheered the Queen for her sturdy blow against snobbery. Curiously, no one seems to have suggested that it is a logical process. A man who makes a more popular shoe or brews a better ale stands a fair chance of earning a title for his efforts, so why not a man who can whack more runs or boot home more winners?

Letters

Cheers and Jeers

A GOOD ROUND cheer for the "case for private television" by Woodman Lamb.

Mr. Croll in his case for "control of television" had a number of arguments in favor of CBC-controlled TV —many of them not too sound. I would judge that he is not in the habit of watching TV very regularly, if at all.

Note the following inconsistencies in Mr. Croll's case: "—it (advertising) should not monopolize our TV channels with a steady parade of comedy" (much of it is good comedy, compared with CBC's "After Hours," which makes even the audience blush with embarrassment), "quizzes, panel programs" (a regular diet on CBC-TV), "western movies, old and scratchy" (Mr. Croll hasn't watched the old "Hoppy" movies over CBC-TV lately) "and gangster and mystery films" (is he referring to pictures like CBC's feature film each week?). Mr. Croll goes on to state "that is the daily American diet of the TV viewer. It is silly and insulting . . ."

Perhaps Mr. Croll could watch (over American TV) such programs as "It's Fun to Learn," an excellent, educational program for children; "Sealtest Circus," also good clean fun for the kids.

Toronto V. LILLEY

. . . In Windsor, although we haven't yet got Canadian TV, we have perhaps a better opportunity than many other Canadians to judge between CBC and American radio. I cannot speak as does Mr. Lamb with the weighty authority of the Gallup poll behind me: all I can say is that most people with whom I have discussed the subject very much prefer the CBC to any U.S. radio station and that CBE has enthusiastic listeners in Detroit . . .

Windsor, Ont. JOYCE MEANWELL

I CANNOT understand why the CBC should be so proud of its Coronation "scoop." The CBC's tame publicity men have been boasting endlessly of the way the CBC was able to get its Coronation films across the Atlantic some thirty minutes before anybody else . . . Why shouldn't they, with special planes being put at their disposal and a shorter route to travel? Besides, this was a Commonwealth, not an American event . . .

St. John L.-B. CARSON

PERHAPS the critics of the CBC will be silenced for a while, now that the CBC has shown how well it can organize its facilities for a tremendous event like the Coronation . . . The big U.S. networks had to take a back seat . . .

Ottawa PIERRE LADOUCEUR

REGARDING present policies concerning TV: I heartily endorse the reluctance of the CBC to sell out the birthright of our children to foreign direction.

Under private control relative production costs would guarantee a flow of USA programs into Canada to the exclusion of Canadian material. It would appear that TV will finally exercise a greater influence on the outlook and thinking of the general public than radio and newspapers combined, so that for those who aim to obliterate Canadianism there appears to be no better method than to relinquish control to those whose only aim is to make a profit or to popularize their way of life.

Peterborough, Ont. C. W. HOLMAN

Coronation Afterthoughts

AFTER two British newspapers decided to tell the British people that their Coronation "spree" was over and it was time for them to get back to work, several Canadian journals followed suit with a solemn mass of platitudes about the need for hard work, more austerity, and so on. People nod their heads in sober agreement. But events may prove that the Coronation celebrations were not a "spree" at all, but a very good bit of business for Britain, financially and spiritually.

Britain spent a great deal on the Coronation—but she also took in a great deal. Sales were stimulated, and when more goods are sold, more must be made . . . But above all, the people themselves got a tremendous lift in spirits . . .

If life is to be nothing more than a succession of austere years, full of drabness and grim warnings, one can reasonably ask if the game is worth the candle. There must be, from time to time, a holiday from austerity to make living worthwhile. The Coronation was such a holiday.

Vancouver CLARENCE HEMPHILL

NOW that the Coronation is over, we can look back at the event with a little less hysteria . . . I understood that Ottawa had forbidden the use of the Queen's picture to promote commercial sales. Obviously this was not enforced, but how could it be? If properly applied, the rule would have prevented the use of the Queen's picture, not only in printed advertisements, but also in window displays, store-front decoration, and so forth . . . The passing of ineffective regulations breeds contempt for all regulations, but Ottawa does not seem to realize this . . .

Montreal PATRICK BREADON

Liquor Laws

YOU MADE a comment on the aging of whiskey . . . which, by inference, brings up the matter of liquor laws. It is high time that the Provinces got together to put some sense in those laws. If it were done across Canada at the same time, the fanatic but highly vocal minority which now has the provincial governments mesmerized would be unable to prevent common sense reform.

Since liquor has been with us now for several thousands of years, and every experiment in prohibition has been a dismal failure, it can be assumed that alcoholic beverages are here to stay. The sane attitude is to accept that fact and find some sane way of fitting liquor into the civilized scheme of things.

As a start: let liquor and beer be sold in the same way as any other commodity; let it be advertised like any other commodity; let people accept it the way they do tea or coffee. In this manner, the glamor of sin can be removed from the subject of drinking—and once it ceases to be glamorous, or a social distinction, it will cease to be attractive to a great many people.

Toronto ROBERT FOSTER

Traffic Troubles

IF SPEED is the greatest menace on the highways, why do the manufacturers of automobiles turn out cars with greater and greater power? Indeed, they boast about that power in their advertisements . . . Obviously, it is impossible to control speed on the roads. For every one offender caught, there are dozens who never are caught; there just aren't enough police officers to cope with the speeders. Would it not be sensible, then, for the manufacturers to build cars which cannot go faster than 60 miles an hour? That would be stopping the speed craze at the source.

Winnipeg J. B. DAVIES

ONE of your correspondents has been having trouble with drivers who jockey their cars into other vehicles when parking . . . It is common on all streets and in all cities, but the fault does not lie wholly with the rough parkers. Quite often they are by the way those vehicles have been parked. Some drivers hog parking spaces, in the hope of getting more room when they want to move out . . .

Oshawa, Ont. P. S. STANTON

The Death Penalty

THE DEBATE on capital punishment in your correspondence columns has not been joined by one who knows from personal experience the horrors that wait upon a death sentence. Fyodor Dostoyevsky, who was reprieved a few minutes before his execution for revolutionary activities in czarist Russia, described them later through Prince Myshkin, the hero of his novel *The Idiot*.

A lackey had just observed to Myshkin that at least no pain was involved in the execution and sudden death of a man.

"Do you know," Myshkin replied, "you've just made that observation and everyone says the same, and the guillotine was invented with that object. But the idea occurred to me at the time that perhaps it made it worse. That will seem to you an absurd and wild idea, but if one has some imagination, one may suppose even that. Think! if there were torture, for instance, there would be suffering and wounds, bodily agony, and so all that would distract the mind from its spiritual suffering, so that one would only be tortured by wounds till one died. But the chief and worst pain may not be in the bodily suffering but in one's knowing for certain that in an hour, and then in ten minutes, and then in half a minute, and then now, at the very moment, the soul will leave the body and that one will cease to be a man and that that's bound to happen; the worst part of it is that it's certain . . ."

Toronto WILLIAM STEVENSON

THERE are those defenders of capital punishment who say "What about the man who was murdered?" and "What about his family?" Executing a murderer doesn't restore his victim to life, and federal revenge certainly makes no restitution to a bereaved family.

There is another family to be considered, that of a man who has been hanged. Can society in any way remove the scar from the minds of his children? . . .

Does any murderer believe that he will be caught? Is not any murderer so abnormal, either permanently or at the moment of his crime, that the thought of no penalty on earth would act as a deterrent?

Alfred Korzybski, in his book "Science and Sanity," has suggested that it would be interesting to compel the judge and jury who condemned a man to be present at his execution . . .

MRS. K. C. GARRETT

St. Lambert, Que.

Processes of Democracy

. . . THE FORM that the government takes, whether constitutional Monarchy or Republic, is not as important as the participation allowed the "mass" to make known their wishes, and to see them translated into dynamic documents, that are implemented to satisfy the group and not just a part of the group. In both aforementioned systems the ability to be democratic (of the people) is possible, and time, education and experience in the processes of democracy are necessary to a dynamic Republican or constitutional Monarchial governmental structure . . .

Cambridge, Mass. RAY G. WILLIAMS

Shakespeare's Bagpipes

I READ Lister Sinclair's article on the bagpipes. Not being a Scot, I was not perturbed by it, but even in Shakespeare's time the bagpipes seem to have been a subject of controversy . . . as he refers to them in the *Merchant of Venice*.

"Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper."

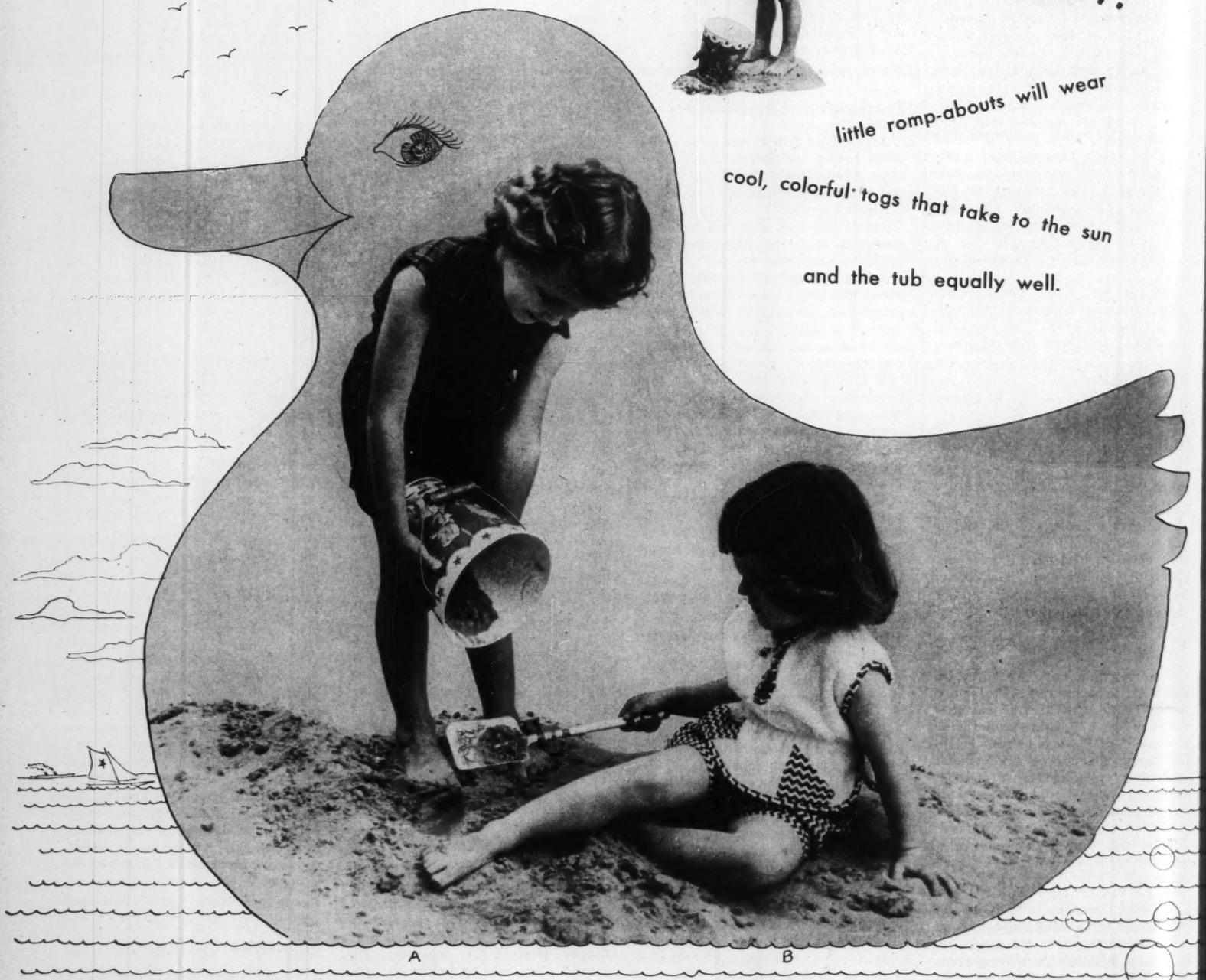
Winnipeg OSCAR STRETCH

WHEN IT'S PLAY ALL DAY ALL SUMMER LONG...

little romp-abouts will wear

cool, colorful togs that take to the sun

and the tub equally well.



(a.) A favorite playtimer is the imported woven plaid gingham blouse worn with the new California shorts . . . featuring new cobbler pockets, adjustable waistband and cuffed legs. Red, green or blue plaid. Sizes 4, 5, 6, 6X, Set 4.95

(b.) Toddlers will love the Poncho Playsuit . . . printed pique shorts with a flat front and elasticized back topped with terry cloth poncho jacket also with elasticized waist. White-with-red; white-with-navy; white-with-green. Sizes 2 and 3, Set 4.50

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Simpson's
TORONTO

Background of Trade Debate in the U.S.

By MAX FREEDMAN

I DO NOT WISH to fog this article with statistics about American trade or with any involved adventures in economic theory. You can find all the jargon you need in any reference book. I want, instead, to give you, if I can, something of the mood which has prevailed in Washington as the debate on reciprocal trade has grown in bitterness and confusion. For that mood is more important than any immediate decision. It will influence future policy, regardless of what happens to the Simpson Bill, with its much-vaunted restrictions on trade, and it will test the Eisenhower Administration as it tries to chart an uneasy path between its vision of world cooperation and its recognition of local politics.

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President Eisenhower thought he would avoid a sharp clash of opinion if he simply asked for a year's extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act. But he failed to sense the deep tides of resentment that were stirring in Congress. The Senate, it is true, heeded his advice and let it be known that it would go along with the President without too much trouble. The House of Representatives, whose members have to go before the people every two years and whose minds are therefore never far from election strategy, had different feelings.

Mr. Reed, a veteran Republican from New York, called the House Ways and Means Committee into session to hear testimony on the whole range of interests affected by reciprocal trade. It was at this point that the default of the Administration became most obvious. Not a single Republican on that committee was ready to present a bill which reflected the President's wishes. Several Republicans in the House had submitted bills in favor of reciprocal trade but the Administration, badly informed about the state of mind in Congress, thought it unnecessary to make friends on the committee itself.

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But that does not end the tale of default. Let me explain my point by a brief contrast.

The Administration knew what it wanted when it came to submit the mutual security program to Congress and it took no chances on its plans going awry. The House and Senate foreign relations committees met jointly to hear testimony from four cabinet ministers. By arrangement, these ministers were able to make their case for foreign aid without having to answer any questions until later sessions. The cabinet spoke with one voice; it was a powerful voice; and in the end the Administration got substantially what it wanted, though Congress as usual made some cuts to assert its power over the public purse. It should be noted, by the way, that the Administration was able to follow this procedure only because the Democratic members on the two committees were ready to agree. If they had resolved to badger Mr. Dulles the way the Republicans used to sneer at Mr. Acheson, then a very different order of business would have been followed.

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Look now at what happened before the House committee on reciprocal trade. The cabinet spoke with a ragged, confused, inconsistent and contradictory voice. Not once did the President use his massive prestige to influence a favorable verdict. At least five different cabinet opinions were recorded. When questioned, almost no cabinet minister except Mr. Humphrey, the Secretary of the Treasury, kept a firm grip on principle. Mr. Dulles dissolved into a quagmire of contradictions and evasions. Instead of resolute unity, there was vacuous indecision.

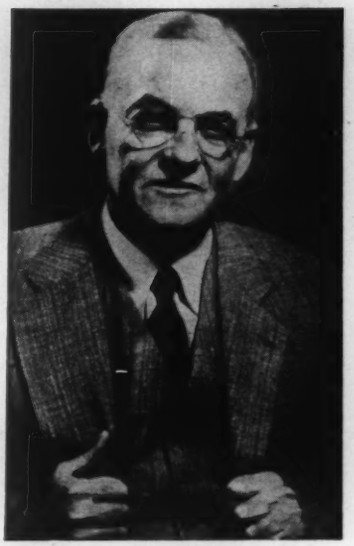
In this vacuum, the Simpson bill suddenly swelled into a portent which gloomed over Washington and cast its shadows even over distant chancellories. No one was more surprised than Mr. Simpson by this response; but with a politician's agility, he at once took this development as a sign that the country was weary of reciprocal trade and wanted to put sharp curbs on its future operation.

He turned the President's argument against him and said that the American people, through Congress, should hold a strict audit of what this trade policy had meant over the past 20 years and should decide whether the concessions granted by the United States had not already passed the point of danger.

Then came the usual, but formidable, technique of the trade-haters. Before the committee appeared a succession of businessmen, some deeply rooted in their home districts, to complain that imports were driving them towards the abyss. Every discrimination practised by Britain or any other European country, because of the dollar shortage, was magnified into a deliberate injury against American trade. These men denied that there had been genuine reciprocity in the trade program. They claimed that the United States had given more than it had received. The emergency restraints imposed by Europe had more than cancelled, in their opinion, any benefits which the United States had got from reciprocal trade.

As the debate continued, it became obvious that big business, with its desire for exports, was more eager to have the program continued than was smaller business, with its fear of competition. Finally, this conflict was defined before the committee when several spokesmen for the restrictionist point of view bluntly asserted that the reciprocal trade program was producing an excessive volume of exports at the cost of home industries, which were compelled, in consequence, to meet competition from abroad that often did not touch the interests of the large exporters.

Politically, this case carries heavy emotional overtones in Congress. Chairman Reed, for example, preached a little homily on what the small firm that has grown up with the town means to the American way of life; he almost made an import sound like something subversive that should be examined by Senator McCarthy; and he deplored the reciprocal trade program because, with a fine disregard of reality, he pictured it as a conspiracy to capture American payrolls. This was fine gospel for the folks back home; but the whole world was listening to this debate; and governments grew amazed and then frightened as the raucous voices rang through Washington without an answering rebuke of wisdom and authority from the men in power.



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As this evidence began to be weighed by various diplomats here, the conclusion mournfully was reached that an ice age separates the thinking of Congress from what the duties of the United States as the world's greatest creditor nation should be. They began to say that the slow, tepid and discouraging response of the American Government to the Eden-Butler mission was a symptom of a deep-seated unwillingness to act where local American interests might suffer temporary injury. They began to talk about the necessity of greater trade with the Communist nations, above all, with the nations behind the Iron Curtain in Europe. This language was not used as a threat of reprisals but it served a useful purpose in shocking responsible opinion in Washington, and even inducing second thoughts in Congress, on the harm that was being done by the posturings and vaporings of a committee that lacked the broad-gauged view that alone should shape national policy. But by that time the damage had been recorded.

There is far less confidence and far

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cool, colorful togs that take to the sun

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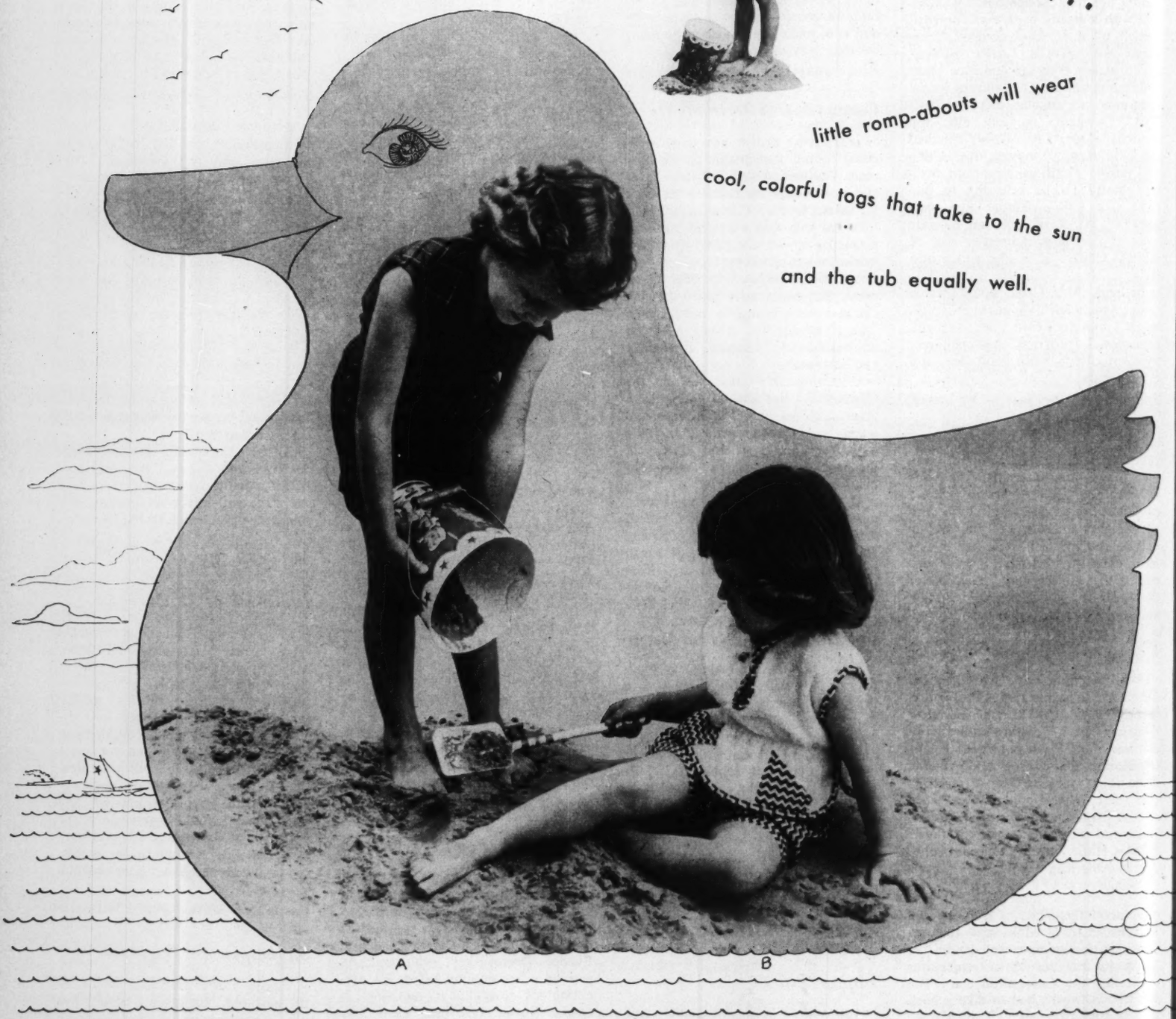

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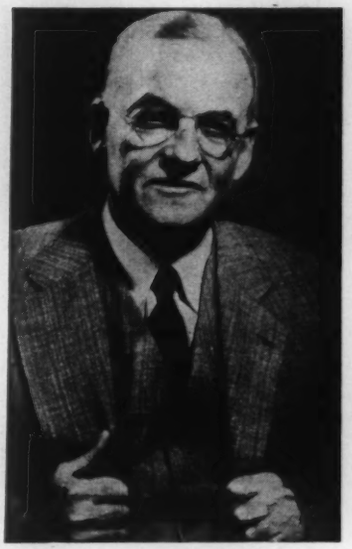

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MR. H. SPENCER CLARK

MR. LEO OSBORNE

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Mr. Osborne was previously with The Guild Inn, and during the intervening years has had a successful career in other parts of Canada. He now returns to The Guild from the Shaughnessy Heights Golf and Country Club, in Vancouver, of which he has been Managing-Secretary for the past two years. *

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more anxiety about American trade policy than there has been any time within the past 20 years. That is the price, the almost ruinous price, paid for the way the debate on reciprocal trade has been conducted.

It is a vast misfortune that ten people will know about this debate for every one who will be aware of the sensible compromises by which Congress will ultimately retrieve the errors and mischances of its committees. Congress on the big issues usually makes the right decisions, the decisions that keep faith with this country's allies and guard America's own interests with prudent vision.

Even in Canada, which knows more about American policy and the American temperament than any other country, there has been an almost sinister upsurge of suspicion and resentment. This cynicism has turned mainly upon the dairy restrictions imposed upon Canada, together with the threatened quotas on lead and zinc imports. The latter is a temporary demand caused by conditions of oversupply; the former is far more serious. The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Benson, has been pictured to Canadians as a man avid for quotas and embargoes, a bad neighbor, a cabinet minister who thinks of the farm lobby rather than the national interest. No one who has studied the facts or who knows Mr. Benson will subscribe to these criticisms; and it always is superficial to discuss policy in terms of personalities.

Mr. Benson, in fact, has agreed to the restrictions with visible and sincere reluctance. His own policy, which will need time to apply, is the only one which has a chance of ultimately reducing the farmers' demand for protection. For he wants to lower the support prices for farm products and thus create a greater reliance on the market, including competition by imports, than has been the case in the past. Canadians, under this policy, might get a lower price for their commodities in this country, but the American farmer would no longer be able to invoke the same mandatory restraints againt imports nor would he be so entrenched in ignoring the wishes of the consumer, especially on the importation of food perishables.

Mr. Benson and his advisers would shrink from the title, but do not be surprised if, in the end, this country adopts some variant of the Brannan plan for the perishables. Under that plan all perishables would find their price level in the market, with the consumer getting the advantage of low prices, including the stimulus of imports, but the farmer would be given a subsidy to ensure an adequate return. This again is something for the future.

It should be remembered that, from the start of reciprocal trade in 1934, organized agriculture has been given a special place within the framework of U.S. national policy. In return for supporting this program, farmers, who then were suffering from abnormally depressed conditions, received the assurance of high support prices and restraints against certain kinds of competition. This was no brutal form of cynicism, or covert seeking of special privilege. The farmers were simply being put on a parity, a belated and indeed inadequate parity, with the industries that had grown fat for generations on the bounties of tariff protection.

No organization has spoken with greater realism or more courage in favor of the reciprocal trade program than have the farm organizations of the U.S.A. They have, in fact, acted with something of the same far-sighted judgment, the same unwillingness to gouge the last cent out of the European buyer, as has marked the conduct of Canadian agriculture. Nor is it a full answer to say that the American farmer gets a subsidy from the American tax-payer and so is relatively indifferent to the price of his products abroad. The farmer knows that the size of the farm subsidy is an acute theme of controversy in Congress and that it might be reduced if price supports are to be retained in anything like their present form.

The real test of the farm organizations is that they have come before Congress and testified in favor of reciprocal trade even when, in some instances, the application of this policy would harm some agricultural interests. Unfortunately, some local farm leaders have failed to follow the example of their national leaders. They have exerted pressure on Congress in order to get some concession for a local product. Exactly the same duality is visible in the attitude of the trade unions to reciprocal trade. Like political parties in the United States, the farm organizations and trade unions partake of the nature of the federal system, with all its emphasis on local autonomy and its necessity for compromise.

What of the future? Enough has been said, surely, to show that there is more support for reciprocal trade than the Administration ever tapped or organized in the current test. It all depends on what President Eisenhower will do; he has an almost united Democratic party ready to vote for him on this issue, and the great majority of the Republicans will also follow his lead if only he is ready to cast aside timidity and show a bold policy to the nation.

My own view is that the high hopes of Britain will be disappointed; there will be no serious or spectacular move by this country to fill the role which Great Britain discharged with such distinction in the last century. We will have to be content with something less than enlightened leadership. But I believe it is equally rash to prognosticate an era of trade wars and tariff conflicts. The enduring national interests of the United States preclude a return to the self-defeating follies of economic nationalism. In the end, these interests will assert themselves and will prevail against the trumpery and arrogant pressures of local groups seeking a sanctuary of privilege for themselves at the cost of the national good. But it depends upon the leadership which the White House is ready to give whether this victory for the national interest and for world cooperation will be won swiftly and with good heart or whether it will come as the troubled boon of an anxious and protracted ordeal, in itself a blow to the hopes of expanding trade on which the hopes of peace ultimately rest.

The Social Scene

A Day at the Races

ONE DAY each year, usually in the spring when other men's fancies turn to thoughts of love, I am imbued with the idea that I can beat the horses. Not that I am a gambler, my own particular vices being manifest in other, but just as expensive directions. But comes this certain day in the late spring or early summer, with the parimutuel windows at Woodbine Park beckoning to me like money-hungry Loreleis, I hie myself to the races, clutching in a sweaty palm my life savings of twenty-seven dollars and fifty-two cents.

Toronto's Woodbine Park is a wonderful place in which to lose your life savings. By far the most beautiful racecourse in Canada, it gives to the dedicated horse-bettor long vistas of greensward spread before a backdrop of several square miles of Lake Ontario. It has received accolades from such distinguished visitors as Earl Alexander of Tunis, Alfred Gwyn Vanderbilt and Audax Minor of *The New Yorker* magazine. Here, if anywhere, is a fitting setting for the Sport of Kings—whose chronic adherents, at least the ones I know, are mostly paupers.

Although Jim Coleman spins tales about the shedrow habitués, such as Johnny Needlenose and The Blowback Kid, the zaniest characters allowed to roam at large without a leash are to be found among the people in the stands. The gambling fever seems to run in inverse ratio to the gambler's wealth and grey matter; the poorer and dimmer-witted the person, the more he, or she, tries to beat the horses. One of these is Lou "Stoop" Roberts, a very casual acquaintance of mine for the past twenty years. He was one of the first persons I saw as I entered the track.

I met Lou first in the early years of the depression, before he had acquired the sobriquet "Stoop." In those days he still had enough hair to cover his pointed head, and he was the relatively wealthy proprietor of a back-field crown-and-anchor board. In those years, the biggest crowds attending race meets in Toronto, especially at the Woodbine or Thorncliffe tracks, gathered along the outside of the back fences, where there was no admittance charge. On many afternoons there were bigger crowds on the outside than there were in the stands.

Stoop has fallen, if the term is apt, from the heights of his crown-and-anchor days, and is now one of the more familiar sights on the lawns of horseracing tracks. He never watches the races at all, but keeps his eyes constantly on the ground, a habit that is responsible for his nickname. After each race, he takes a hurried peek at the winning numbers on the tote board, hastily consults his program, and then, with a peculiar loping gait like a rheumatic beagle's, sets off on a tour of the lawn and paddock. His specialty, or actually his dedication, is the retrieving of winning tickets which careless horseplayers have lost, thrown away, or torn up.

This, of course, is a frustrating vocation, but Stoop pursues it with a singlemindedness that would do credit to a Hindoo mystic ignoring his bed of nails. His busiest periods are those following the upholding of a protest by either a jockey or the track stewards, when the winning horse is disqualified and the race given to the horse that ran second. The *contretemps* usually results in some disgruntled holders of winning tickets on the second horse throwing them away before they realize that their horse has been given the race.

At times like these, Stoop, impervious to stamping feet, kicks, or the yelps of outraged women, rushes snakelike through the crowds along the rail, harvesting discarded tickets by the dozen, which he checks against his program later in the hope that at least one may prove to be acceptable tender at the pay-off wicket.

It is a mystery to me how he gets into the track, for he most certainly doesn't pay his dollar-and-a-quarter at the entrance gate. Nor do I know if he has ever found a winning ticket. Some peculiar force drives him on, but whether it is the million-to-one chance of retrieving a winning ticket, or is the outward manifestation of a mental blot, I can't say.

Of course it may be, as one regular racegoer once said to another as they watched Stoop sniffing around their feet, that "He'd be lost if he didn't have this dopey search of his to keep him occupied, like an old Airedale that has been deloused and misses his fleas."

MOST of the characters I'd seen in other years were wandering around the lawn or standing at the rail gazing with rapt attention at the odds board. One of them was an otherwise sensible guy who had worked with me during the first year after the war. He had suddenly left the company one day when the boss caught him at Dufferin track when he was supposed to be home with the 'flu. And there were the others whom I only know by sight: the curb exchange traders who buy Daily Double tickets after the first race of the double has been run; the old fellow who carves the transparent slices of meat from the tall roast for the hot beef sandwiches (now 60c instead of the 15c they were before the war); the Negro tout with his coterie of benumbed disciples, who points languidly to a different horse for every player who asks his advice; and the little old lady with the bemused expression of a visiting Grandma, and a tongue as sharp and profane as a boss stevedore's, who carries a numerology

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chart instead of a *Racing Form*. And then, of course, there was the little man I like to call "Frills."

Seeing Frills year after year is like watching the slow disintegration into nothing of a bowl of *blanc mange*. Each year he seems to shrink a little, to get a little more seedy, and a little more bewildered at the way the world, and the racehorses, have treated him.

My wife and I met him for the first time while I was home on leave early in the war. He was standing beside us at the rail, wearing a get-up that would have stopped a carnival barker's convention. His suit was a green Glen-plaid check with squares as big as bingo cards, and on his head he wore a pink Tyrolean hat that would have rated yodels from the Jungfrau to the Matterhorn. He looked like a gambler's dream of reincarnation.

He struck up a one-sided conversation with us, and showed us his pencil-marked program, which indicated that he had won three out of the first four races on the card. I asked him what he liked in the Fifth, and he gave me the name of a horse (which I have since forgotten) in a conspiratorial tone worthy of an atom scientist. My wife and I each bought a two-dollar place ticket on it, feeling a little ashamed of ourselves when our new acquaintance returned from the pari-mutual window and showed us *his* tickets, which totalled $300 to win.

As the horses came around the backstretch, our gaudy little friend screamed the name of our choice over and over, while he jumped up and down in the manner of an animated Disney dwarf. As the horses drew nearer, Frills' shouts grew weaker, and as they passed us he stopped screaming altogether, and collapsed against the rail like a deflated inner tube. Our horse ran dead last, of course, and I blame the old man's consequent downfall on the fact that he had shared with a notoriously unlucky bettor like myself what might otherwise have been the apex of his betting career.

Each time I have attended the races since that time, I have seen him there, but it was only about four years ago that I began to think of him as Frills. By then he had pawned or otherwise discarded his fine raiment of those earlier days, and was attired (as he still is) is in a pair of Army fatigue trousers with leg bottoms frayed like the border of a scatter-rug. Apparently he takes time out once in a while to trim them with a pair of scissors, for the legs are getting shorter each year, to an alarming degree. This spring the frills only hung to the top of his socks. Unless he wins a high-paying Daily Double or gets a winning streak before long, the results are horrible to contemplate. With a couple of bad racing seasons such as the ones he's been having lately, he'll be the only two-dollar bettor at the Woodbine wearing a pair of lacy shorts—an eccentricity that is certain to be frowned on by the Ontario Jockey Club.

I left off my contemplation of the grandstand characters long enough to get a two-dollar Daily Double ticket on a filly called Perfect Faith in the first race. This was a race for Maiden Three-Year-Olds, and it was the first time in my life that I'd ever had any faith at all in a maiden, whether she was three years old or twenty-one. But, she won.

For my second Double choice I picked the favorite in the second race, Time O Glory, and he romped home the winner, giving me more than $14 for my Daily Double ticket. This boosted my life savings to over $39, the highest they had been since I spent my last Gratuity cheque.

How could I lose, with so auspicious a start? I began to feel like an expert, and on the third race I bet $30 across the board on another filly, Saucy Saxon. She also came down in front (as we experts say) and I was in another $70. I felt so good after I cashed in my tickets that I bought a transparent roast beef sandwich, no longer caring whether my old friend the beef-purveyor was slicing the roast with a knife or shaving it wtih an electric razor.

In the fourth race I liked a horse called Flanvee, but I met an old friend named Ben Gorgerson, who is in the roofing business. He told me confidentially that he had a tip from a trainer that a twenty-to-one shot was going to walk home with the fourth race. Whatever made me think that trainers go around giving tips to guys in the roofing business I don't know (personally, I wouldn't give any of them a tip on a cedar shingle), but I laid $120 on the animal to win.

Until the race started I sat in a shady part of the grandstand and spent the $2,400 I was due to win in a few minutes. I had already bought a new car, and was setting out on a trip which would take me from Toronto to New York and back via the Maritimes, when the horses came out of the paddock.

When the race began, my horse led coming out of the starting gates, and then developed an apathy to moving any faster than I can walk while carrying a Hammond organ under each arm. He faded back into the pack, and I hung my head and wondered if my wife would collect my group insurance if I committed suicide. But then, just as all seemed lost, I heard a wild shout from behind me as somebody screamed my horse's name over and over again in my ear. I looked up, expecting to see the horse taking the lead, but there he was, large as life, but deader than dead, trailing the others by a nautical mile. When finally he had passed the wire, I looked around to commiserate with the only other fool in the park, and found myself face to face with old Frills, looking even seedier than I felt at the moment. He gave me a look of horror and hate and dashed away in the direction of the gates, his pant legs swishing like a pair of tubular antimacassars.

From then on Stoop Roberts had a rival, and both of us searched the grass for discarded tickets. I don't know how Stoop made out that day, but at the cost of only having the fingers of my right hand mashed by a woman in spike heels I found a ticket that, though not worth much, saved me a five-mile walk home. As I placed it in the streetcar farebox I swore off racetracks for life—or at least until next spring.

HUGH GARNER

Music

A Powerful Weapon for Drama

SOME TIME AGO I was involved in a radio production of Goethe's play *Egmont*. It is, perhaps, not Goethe's best play, but then none of Goethe's plays is his best play. Each has its defects, and each its virtues. The special defect of *Egmont* is that it begins with great scenes of external conflict, and ends with scenes of inner conflict, and eventually, inner tranquillity. On the stage, the effect is something of a running down; on the radio, this is much less evident, because Goethe's powerful introspections carry the end of the play very successfully.

But *Egmont* also has two great virtues. The first is that it tells a tale of the Revolt of the Netherlands against Philip of Spain in terms which make it an enduring image of man's struggle for political freedom. The second is that it has a complete set of incidental music composed for it by Beethoven.

Of this music, only the overture is familiar, with its fierce tale of struggle and triumph. The trumpet flourishes with which it ends are those which, at the end of the play, are used to salute Egmont himself as he goes forth to execution. And the heavy sarabande-like rhythm which punctuates the overture represents the Spanish tyranny. The theme of revolt against oppression was dear to Beethoven's heart, and some of his best music is to be found in the *Egmont* score. But, unfortunately, it is intimately bound to the action of the play. It is scarcely possible to perform any of the music except the overture without performing the play itself. And this is particularly true of the most noble and eloquent passage of all.

At the very end, Egmont, alone in his prison cell, soliloquizes on sleep. His speech is broken up into short phrases and each phrase is punctuated by a phrase of music. The total effect is called by Beethoven a *melodrama:* spoken words, accompanied by music. The *East Lynne* kind of melodrama uses the same name, because the characteristic style involved musical accompaniments to mark entrances and exits of principal characters and to underline changes of mood; so it, too, was spoken words, accompanied by music.

The curious thing is this. There was more comment on this part of the radio show than on any other, most of it favorable, some of it highly unfavorable. But never did it occur to any one that this *melodrama* was the idea of Goethe and Beethoven. Everybody, whether approving or disapproving, regarded it as nothing but a radio device. Of course, it was a radio device, and a very effective one too; but it brought home very strongly how much our dramatic tradition has lost touch with the use of music.

It is certainly true that music is frequently used very unskilfully in radio plays, and also in films. But the abuse of a device does not make it bad in itself. Sometimes I hear pleas that incidental music, so-called, should remain purely incidental, and not take any prominent part of the action. I think this is administering the beating with the wrong end of the stick. The trouble with most music in radio drama and film is that it *is* incidental; it is not thought of as part of the total effect. Instead it is the lazy man's way out.

The Beethoven score to *Egmont* is by no means incidental. It is thoroughly obtrusive, completely non-apologetic and perfectly appropriate. It certainly illuminated the action as far as I was concerned; and it also brought home very strongly how much we are missing by condemning music in drama in any sort of wholesale fashion.

It is not too much to say that we are turning our backs on the whole tradition of English drama, and indeed, of world drama. Greek tragedies were musical as well as dramatic shows.

Elsewhere, Robertson Davies has issued a plea that actors should be able to sing. On condition that we insist that they should be able to act, I will back him to the hilt. The dramatic tradition of the world theatre is too powerful and valuable a thing to throw overboard simply because some of its devices have been abused by incompetents.

Take an example from Shakespeare. Towards the end of *Antony and Cleopatra,* a group of soldiers is standing around in the street at night; they are idly discussing the prospects for the morning's battle. Then, suddenly, we have the stage direction: "Music of Hautboys under the Stage." This strange effect is presently explained by one of the soldiers, "'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd, Now leaves him." The means are simple; the effect is brilliant. But it is almost too easy to take examples from Shakespeare. All his plays are full of songs: Ophelia goes mad to music, and the Duke of Illyria makes love to music. The last great moments of the most distressing of all the plays, the torture of Othello, are brought to their tremendous climax by the Song of Willow:

An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it; that song tonight
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.

How to enjoy a Safe Vacation

Thousands of Canadians are now looking forward to their vacations . . . relaxing on sunswept ocean shores, camping in cool mountain country, or fishing in clear blue lakes and streams.

No matter what point of the compass lures you, there are many things that you can do to make your vacation happy, healthful, and safe. Indeed, you can make your *entire* summer more enjoyable if you plan now against the hazards of this season. Some of these are listed below—with suggestions about how to guard against them or what to do if they should occur.

Accidents in the water . . . About half of the 1,200 drownings that take place each year occur during June, July, and August. Safety authorities say that many drownings could be prevented through these simple precautions: *never swim alone or when tired, overheated, or too soon after eating.* Above all, learn how to give artificial respiration, and always observe safety rules posted on beaches.

Burns from the sun . . . Never over-expose yourself to the sun, especially during the hottest part of the day. Begin your tanning with brief periods, no more than 10 minutes the first day, with gradual increases thereafter. If long periods are spent in the sun, use a sun-screening lotion or cream. Apply it after each swim—and every two hours while sunning.

Injuries from outdoor activities . . . Overstretching can *strain* a muscle. Should this occur, rest the muscle and apply heat. Should a sudden wrench *sprain* a joint, it is best to elevate it and use cold applications. Cover bruises with an ice bag or cold cloths. Cuts and scratches should be treated promptly with an antiseptic such as 2-percent solution of iodine. Always have *deep wounds* and other serious injuries treated by a doctor.

Hazards of the highway . . . Too often automobile accidents mar the family vacation. So, have your car thoroughly checked for safety before starting off. Particular attention should be given to the steering wheel, brakes, tires, lights, horn, windshield wipers and door locks. Drive at a safe speed, obey all traffic signals, and stop driving or rest whenever you feel fatigued. Remember, even if you are driving safely, watch out for other cars.

Moreover, it is wise not to try to crowd too much activity into too little time. Take it easy . . . if you want your vacation to give you that refreshed, rested and relaxed feeling.

Finally, wherever you go—whatever you do—take along a newly stocked first-aid kit and a first-aid booklet. Metropolitan will be glad to send you a copy of its free booklet on the subject. This booklet tells how to handle many accidental injuries, emergencies and hazards of the summer and vacation season.

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If this is the kind of effect that can be produced by the use of music in drama, it must be preserved and encouraged as one of our most powerful weapons.

Nor do we need to seek examples only from Shakespeare, in whom almost all devices prove effective. I was much impressed by the use of entr'actes in Fridolin's *Ti-Coq* — the music, for example, which, together with the sound of cheering and of a ship's siren, so admirably brought us from Europe back to Canada. And yet I heard people say of that, "Well, of course, it was effective, but after all, it's only a radio trick." Now this is pale snobbery; it is not even pedantic snobbery. It is the kind of rootless snobbery which ignores the lineage of our own arts.

Again, think of *High Noon*. How much of the tension and atmosphere was brought about by the incessant use of that curious, sombre ballad. The use of music in *High Noon* makes up for bushels of the nauseating Hearts and Flowers clap-trap whenever the lovers drift off in a canoe.

But I have saved my best recent example to the end. There is a play about witchcraft in the Tennessee mountains, called *The Dark of the Moon*. Some years ago it had a modest, but thorough, success. It was a re-telling, in dramatic form, of one of the many versions of Barbara Allen. I thought it remarkable; and remarkable especially for the skill with which music and songs were scattered through the play to give it life and point. I should have thought that any drama group with a sense of the art of the theatre, of all that can be done on that live stage, would have instantly seized on *The Dark of the Moon*. And yet, to the best of my knowledge, this play with music (not a musical comedy, you understand), which was one of the most extraordinary and haunting experiences of the modern theatre, has vanished into oblivion.

I am afraid to think that this is partly because it *does* make so much use of music; and if this is so, then we are in for a sorry time of it. True enough, incidental music has become very common in modern plays (*Streetcar Named Desire*, for example), but non-incidental music, music that is an integral and vital part of the total experience, still remains suspiciously rare. The tradition of the drama has always, and rightly, been bound up with a tradition of the use of music; and we would do well not to forget it.

LISTER SINCLAIR

•

Two Parting

So it was not for real that some star-magic wrought
Our precious pattern of high destiny,
And something more than real when witches brought
A bitter brew to slake our ecstasy.
What made us certain, when the chips were down,
That we were matched in some exclusive game?
Though all the breaks were ours, some stupid clown
Could say we only had our crazy dreams to blame.
How could we know the cards we dealt were stacked
With phony hands as commonplace as grief?
So when your inside straight was smacked
Your love collapsed like any withered leaf . . .
I hope you've jotted some new prospects down,
But as for me—I'm going on the town.

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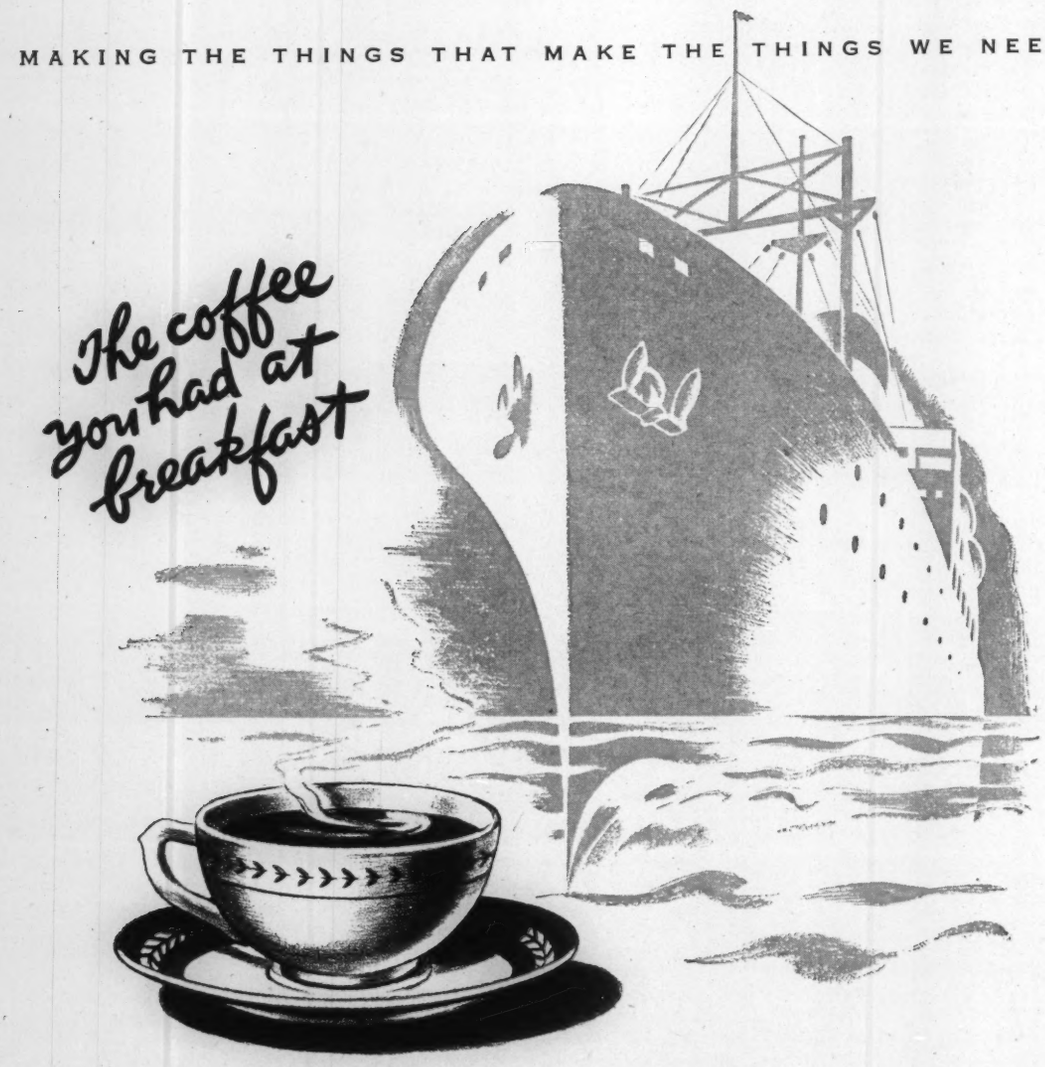

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The Passing Show

The Hunt For Health

THE GREAT Canadian master of prognosis and diagnosis, Sir William Osler, said once that people would be healthier if they thought less, read less and said less about health.

His was a day when vitamins came in food, and not in pills. People did not flock to Florida for the sun and return in fine tans or caskets. It was a day before miracle drugs like penicillin and cortisone—as if any drug can be miraculous when the essence of a miracle is phenomena without natural explanation.

Leading insurance companies, who give lively prominence to preventive medicine in their institutional advertising, have figures to show that the life-span, since Osler's Edwardian time, has increased by about ten years in civilized, that is to say relatively sanitary, countries. Yet never before have we, the people, been so inundated with health counsel and formulae. Press, radio, television and neighbors all strive to saturate us with salubrity.

Just now there's an epidemic of health emporia. Gymnasia abound where women shed weight by the ton, and men, whose acquaintance with physical exercise has been limited to a shoehorn in the morning and a corkscrew and can-opener at night, are lured to try to be big biceps boys—to learn to lift an elephant and chew up chains. They are magnetized into buying ten easy lessons from some Hercules displaying muscular rhythms that make the gals groggy. An American health department inspector cites a typical case of a clerk so undernourished that from a side view he looked like an unboxed zylophone; one physio-dynamic foundry held out the prospect that after two weeks he'd be able to lift the heaviest weight in the place. He did, too—he lifted the safe.

Some badly supervised health gyms put middle-aged men with roll-top tummies, and dowagers with double-deck exuberance, through programs of riding electric nags to nowhere, swilling their weight in draughts of youth (tap water plus Epsom salts) and making blood-pressure climb like a boiler gauge with strenuous acrobatics.

They whoop for the latest food fads, some of which are sound even if they retail natural cereals at unnatural prices. Dieting is no newer than the primitive laws whose principles and prohibitions were translated into taboos at so much a tab.

Mental quackery has had its cyclic popularity, too, with electric belt or brass roller gags, and operators who mapped psychic bents from the bumps on your head when they could tell just as much scientifically from the corns on your feet. Thirty years ago Emile Coué, a shrewd little apothecary from Lorraine, marshaled platoons of matrons (door prizes for all) to chant self-hypnotically, "Every day in every way I'm getting better and better," which persuaded them to duck their doctors, inhale pine-tar fumes, gurgle barrels of molasses and swap symptoms with so much abandon that they had intimate knowledge of each other's interior decorating. The embalmers never had it so good.

That dazzling pedant of history and science, H. G. Wells, who knew when everything happened but not always precisely what happened, lectured brilliantly on health, although he didn't enjoy much of it in youth. I recall his piping voice in Hollywood and his scorn for stimulants—albeit one belle of Sunset Boulevard went on record that, put next to Mr. Wells, she wanted a ruling on certain holds being barred.

IT'S observable that much of the fetish of hormones and dynatropes—or whatever new cant panders to an old yen—is a frantic quest for the energy and attractiveness to do things which are so easily and enthusiastically overdone.

It is the nervous pace of social, rather than business, obligations and routines that drains vitality. I've never failed to note that in the homes of the people with the most money and the least to do, the medicine closets are packed with gargles, tonics, suppositories, balms, potions and pills, all meeting two requirements—outlandishly eclectic names and outrageous expense. Yet any Skid Row can produce specimens with thicker and stronger hair and better systemic balance than opulent neurotics who have all the fifty dollar blights possibly because they have the fifty bucks.

One habit that has been enforced by persistent advertising is oral hygiene. North American dentists are the most skilled in practice; and with us the toothbrush is a household ikon; and fluorine in water is the latest adjunct to dental care. Yet with all the emphasis on the horrors of caries and pyorrhea, with the cult of the clean mouth universally accepted, when a survey was made for the finest teeth in America they were found in the mouth of a Romanian immigrant girl who had never owned a toothbrush.

Generally, those who enjoy the best health pay the least for it by getting their quota of work and play and fresh air, sleep and food—at least two square meals a day with the corners knocked off—and above all by avoiding boredom like the plague it is—the worst of plagues in a world where there are no dull subjects, only dull people.

JOHN B. KENNEDY

Official Jargon

Few will disagree with the edict of the clerk of a London local authority who advises those responsible for the drafting of official documents to "use language that is simple and clear . . . avoiding official verbiage and substituting short, conversational words." A paragraph from a circular issued by the same authority and reprinted in a professional journal illustrates, however, the gulf that often separates precept and practice: "Cessation of payment by a non-necessitous child in a normal school, who is not in one of the priority class, should result in the discontinuance of meals."—*Manchester Guardian.*

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Ottawa Letter

Political Possibilities in Quebec

ALL THE POLITICAL pundits are agreed that the Progressive Conservative party cannot hope for a majority in the next House of Commons, unless it can carry a minimum of 15 seats in the province of Quebec, where at present it holds 3 out of Quebec's 73 seats.

Since 1917, the only victory achieved by the Conservatives in a Federal election was in 1930, and it was due to the capture, under the leadership of the late Lord Bennett, of about two dozen seats in Quebec. But it is no secret that a masterpiece of electioneering trickery made a large contribution to this feat. By a trade treaty with New Zealand, the King Ministry had lowered the Canadian duty on that country's butter. When imports began to arrive, our dairymen did not relish the competition, which tended to drive down domestic prices.

In the 1930 election, the manager of the Conservative campaign was the late Senator A. D. Macrae of Vancouver, a very shrewd operator, and when he saw a chance to exploit the issue of New Zealand butter, he seized it. At considerable expense, he bought a very large consignment of New Zealand butter, which had arrived in Montreal, and, taking a loss upon his purchase, dumped it on the market at bargain-counter prices. The effect was an immediate slump in the price of domestic butter, and the resulting reduction of their weekly cheques for cream naturally made the dairymen furious.

Conservative speakers, who made a pound of New Zealand butter look like a mountain, proceeded to direct their wrath against the Liberal party, and it was votes of the outraged dairy farmers that turned over to the late Lord Bennett a substantial number of seats in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. Senator Macrae was immensely pleased with the result of his coup, but it is the sort of trick that cannot be repeated. However, today the dairy producers of Quebec are again reported to be disgruntled with the policies of the Liberal party and their peevishness might produce some gains for Mr. Drew, if the new pledge of price support for cheese has not soothed them.

The quota of seats which Mr. Drew needs from Quebec will be unattainable, unless Premier Duplessis decides to put into operation on behalf of the Conservative candidates the very efficient and well-oiled machine of the Union Nationale party.

In his recent reiteration of his uncompromising opposition to the Federal-provincial agreements about taxation, and his zeal for the preservation of provincial rights, Mr. Drew has made a strong bid for the active cooperation of Mr. Duplessis in the Federal election. Indeed, it is so strong that it has irritated many voters, who are tired of the St. Laurent Ministry but are not disposed to sleep in the same political bed with Mr. Duplessis, whom they regard as a very dangerous demagogue and a disturber of national harmony. And Mr. Duplessis on his part must be well aware that he will risk a serious rebuff, if he urges the voters of French Canada to help in the downfall of so distinguished a member of their own race as Mr. St. Laurent and install in his place a Protestant from Ontario like Mr. Drew.

In 1949, Mr. Duplessis, probably sensing that such an appeal was then bound to fail, was only halfhearted in his efforts to promote the cause of Mr. Drew, but today the political climate of Quebec is somewhat more favorable. For one thing, the more prosperous elements among the French-Canadians are now just as much annoyed as their English-speaking brethren with the heavy burden of Federal taxation, and they are therefore disposed to give a sympathetic hearing to the opposition's charges of wastefulness and extravagance. For another, the French-Canadian press has directed a steady stream of criticism in recent months against many of the policies of the St. Laurent Ministry, and gave the last Budget a cool reception.

Le Devoir, of Montreal, which, under the editorship of the able Gerard Filion, has regained a lot of its old influence, has been conducting a persistent and damaging crusade against the Liberal party and all its works. Even *Le Soleil*, which is owned by Senator Jacob Nicol, a strong Liberal, and is supposed to be the official organ of his party in Quebec City, and *L'Action Catholique*, which has long been credited with voicing the views of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Quebec, have taken a distinctly critical line about some of the Government's performances.

But, in a general election, the Progressive Conservatives cannot count upon much sympathy from the two last-named papers, and unless Cardinal Leger, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, makes it a rule never to interfere with the policy of *L'Action Catholique*, they may have to reckon with the very formidable hostility of that newspaper. Cardinal Leger belongs to a Liberal family, and his brother, Jules Leger, is one of the ablest of the younger French-Canadian members at Ottawa and is a favorite protegé of Prime Minister St. Laurent, who has given him a junior office. Moreover it is understood that Cardinal Leger, a warm admirer of Mr. St. Laurent, has a positive dislike of Mr. Duplessis; he refuses to believe that the sacred provincial autonomy of

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Quebec is in any peril and does not want to see his province committed to a fight with the rest of Canada. So the Liberals have some ground for believing that the Cardinal may prove, behind the scenes, to be a powerful ally for them in the Federal election.

The French-Canadians love good political oratory and can be swayed by it, and one of the prime disabilities of Mr. Drew in Quebec is the lack of a first-rate French-Canadian lieutenant. Camillien Houde has a way with the working classes of Montreal, but he is a political maverick, and Leon Balcer, who has considerable ability, must grow in political stature before he commands real authority in his province.

The most promising French-Canadian recruit the Progressive Conservatives have secured for many years is Albany Robichaud, who a year ago performed the remarkable by-election feat of wresting from the Liberals Gloucester County in New Brunswick, which they had held steadily for half a century. His victory was partly the reward of perseverance, as he began his assault upon the seat in 1930, when he came within an ace of defeating a veteran Liberal Minister, the Hon. Peter Veniot, but it was also due to his political skill and great personal popularity.

If Mr. Robichaud were free to campaign steadily in Quebec, he could probably win a lot of votes for Mr. Drew, but since he is faced with a difficult battle to retain his own seat, which the Liberals are bent upon regaining, he will only have time for occasional forays outside his own province.

Death of an Aristocrat

The late Harry Baldwin, of Ottawa, who died suddenly last month during a visit to London, Ont., was well known in the political world. He served Mackenzie King as chief private secretary for some years, and he was an ideal occupant of such a post. He had good claim to be a Canadian aristocrat in the best sense; he was a grandson of Robert Baldwin, who brought responsible government into operation in Upper Canada, and his mother belonged to the Pinsoneaults, one of the old seignorial families of Quebec. His Anglo-Irish paternal strain had given him a quick practical mind, a keen sense of humor and good administrative gifts; with his French blood he had inherited superlatively fine manners, and an excellent taste in art and literature.

Canada has produced few more truly civilized human beings than Harry Baldwin, who will be greatly missed by a wide circle of friends in Ottawa and outside the capital. A liberal-minded Roman Catholic with a wide range of interests, he had few peers as a conversationalist and was a delightful and amusing companion. His frank criticism of French-Canadian tendencies to racial aggression did not prevent him from acting as guide, philosopher and friend to a group of young French-Canadian lads in Ottawa, who adored him. The late Earl Baldwin was proud to claim him as a relative.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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Letter from London

The Four Charwomen of the Abbey

WELL, the great day has come and gone. Our beloved little lady has been recognized, anointed, and crowned; and all these things have been accomplished in such a world-wide blaze of publicity that one might be excused for suggesting that there was nothing more to be said.

Yet all of us who were there—and in particular those of us who were in the Abbey ourselves—must have our individual impressions of particular moments, moments that shone and sparkled in our memory. Here are some of mine.

Firstly, the trip to the Abbey itself. I went by tube, in a special train which started from High Street, Kensington, at 6:45 a.m., and went straight through to Westminster. Never can the grimy platform of an underground station have held a more glittering assembly — peers in their scarlet robes leaning against advertisements for meat extracts, peeresses shivering in the bitter wind, holding their tiaras wrapped up in tissue paper, young men in black velvet levee dress gallantly allowing themselves to be pushed into the rain by their thinly-clad sisters. The train itself was a brand new one, made of aluminium, and as we sped on our way I read an announcement to the effect that it was fifty tons lighter than any other train of its size in the world, and that it was designed as an experiment in saving fuel.

"I hope the experiment works," snorted an old dowager, who was sitting next to me, ablaze with diamonds.

It did. We arrived with time to spare. More than three hours, indeed, to wait in our seats before the proceedings began.

AS WE walked through the grey spaces of Westminster Hall, and over the temporary bridge that had been built to the Abbey, I thought that never in the history of the world can there have been such magnificence; hardly had we recovered from the shock of one staggering uniform than we were overwhelmed by another; we were caught up in a sea of red velvet and deep ermine and royal blue and thick cloth of gold. And even this paled before the scene in the Abbey itself, when we were in our seats, looking down on King Edward's Chair.

Perhaps it was because of all this splendor that, when at last the royal family began to arrive, one of the figures that stood out most clearly was Prince Philip's mother, Princess Andrew of Greece, in the grey robes of a nun. We had just seen the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Gloucester walking slowly to the royal box, followed by their maids of honor holding those fantastic gold-embroidered trains (which are always described as purple, though they are in fact deep violet). Then came Princess Andrew, in her plain grey habit, unattended, her head bowed, her hands folded as in prayer. It was an unforgettable picture of simple piety.

On and on they came, over the golden carpet, always stepping in the slow, stately rhythm in which the whole ceremony was conducted. Even the maids of honor, as they folded up the heavy trains, did so with a beautiful sweeping motion of the arms, as though they were dancing an adagio passage in a ballet. And since my pen falters in its attempt to splash all this color onto the page, and since in any case I have a strong suspicion that you will already have read it, and maybe seen it too, I would like to break off for a moment to tell you the Story of the Four Charwomen.

NOTHING more vividly illustrates the brilliant organization behind every detail of the service than the Story of the Four Charwomen. I have not seen it mentioned in print, but to me it was one of the most delightful moments of the day.

This little episode occurred on Friday's final rehearsal, which I attended. It was a moment of great tension; the last strains of the orchestra had died away, the Archbishop stood expectant by the altar; all around were grouped the officers of state; a fanfare of trumpets sounded the news that the Queen (in the shape of the Duchess of Norfolk, who was deputizing for her), was about to make her entrance.

Suddenly, onto this scene of awe and splendor trotted four charwomen. Four ladies in white overalls, brandishing before them, not swords, or plumes, or garters, or any emblems of state, but four carpet-sweepers. Completely undeterred, and with typical British phlegm, they proceeded to trot round the very throne itself, energetically pursuing pieces of fluff and feather which had drifted onto the golden carpet. And equally suddenly the vast assembly, for all its loyalty and all its awe, realized that this was, in fact, an enchantingly humorous situation. And laughed. Loud and long, to the very roof.

I relished that laughter. It was not a sound that you would have heard at any gathering of the subjects of a Hitler or a Stalin. At the same time, I feared it. What would happen on the day itself? Shouts of laughter, just before the entrance of the Queen, would have hardly helped her in this historic moment. Would the Earl Marshal have the sense to cut out the Four Charwomen?

No. He did something even cleverer. He arranged that their entrance should coincide with the most stupendous burst of organ music of the entire proceedings. There they were, these excellent ladies, doing their very necessary job, but they did it to the accompaniment of such a glorious uproar of sound that whether anybody laughed or not will forever remain one of the unsolved mysteries of history.

It was five minutes after this little human comedy that the Queen entered. And now, all other thoughts were swept away. The whole of that vast assembly seemed gathered together in a spiritual unity, a unity which was all the more impressive because among us were numbered members of every creed in the world—even the "creed" of atheism, whose principal representative, Soviet Ambassador Malik, sat unsmiling among the rest of the Ambassadors.

It is through no flight of fancy, and certainly through no courtly sycophancy, that I say that this sense of spiritual unity came to us from the Queen herself—that frail, very feminine figure seated in King Edward's Chair. It was not by virtue of her central position, nor because of the special magnificence of her robes, that the Queen dominated the proceedings; it was because of something which can only be described as an inner radiance. We all felt it. It outshone the sparkle of the jewels on the Sword of State, which she held so steadily in her right hand; it seemed to radiate through the Imperial robe, which was fashioned of such heavy golden cloth that for a moment it turned her into a statue. It was an aura more impressive than even the Crown itself.

I think the Archbishop felt this also. The two of them worshipped and celebrated in perfect unison. During that most sacred moment, the Anointing, it was as though a wise and pious old father was leading his own daughter down the paths of the spirit; there was love as well as reverence in his voice when he said—so softly yet so clearly—"Be thy hands anointed with holy oil, Be thy breast anointed with holy oil, Be thy head anointed with holy oil".

THE Archbishop played his role magnificently. Like the fine old priest he is, he realized that this occasion, though it is primarily and essentially a religious one, is also a pageant that must appeal to millions of folk, who find their God through symbols. To put it plainly, he has a sense of "theatre". And why not? If the greatest drama of the world is told in the New Testament, why not tell it well? Why not speak his words (as he did) with a sense of poetry and rhythm that must have been rehearsed? Why not lift up the Crown (as he did) with the gesture of a great actor? And why not ensure (as he did) that the Crown was placed in the exact position, even to having it marked "back to front"?

He was most truly on his knees to his God and to his Sovereign. But he kneeled with grace, and in the right place, and at the right time.

YOU MUST forgive me if this Letter lacks coherence. I am writing not long after the ceremony, and like all of us who were there, my brain is like a kaleidoscope that has not quite come to rest. The pictures are still in a whirl. I can see the Lord Chancellor, in black and gold, pushing down his coronet onto his immense wig, as though he were afraid that it would slip. I can see the Duke of Edinburgh, turning to his page, who steps briskly back to arrange his crimson robe. I remember a sudden gap in the front row of the Royal Box, when the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret both leant down to look at the floor. Little Prince Charles had slipped off his seat!

I recall the superb "presence" of Lord Montgomery, in his cloak of the Order of the Garter. And the swinging knees of the two little kilted Princes of Gloucester, who were gently reproved by their mother for inattention. I remember the low but distinct whisper, like a breath of wind, that came from the women in the Abbey when the Duke was paying his homage, and when he bent forward to kiss the Queen on the cheek. And how he walked back to his chair with head erect, a little faster than the others, with the stride of a sailor.

Many of these memories are connected with music. The fanfares that punctuated the whole glorious pageant were worthy of Agincourt. The *Holy, Holy, Holy,* during the Communion service, might have drifted from the Courts of Heaven. The music throughout was quite literally thrilling. It was a touch of genius to play Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance* as the Grand Procession lined up to take its leave. Walton's final *Te Deum* was superb. But the fanfares echo most vividly, as indeed they should. For the whole ceremony was a fanfare of British history.

And so, out of the Abbey into the rain-swept streets. Crimson and royal blue and diamonds and ermine and gold and medals and glittering swords, plus your own correspondent in a humble white tie and tails, waiting for our cars to take us through crowds so thrilled with loyal emotion that they cannot cease to cheer, even though the golden coach has long since rumbled away.

"We shall all have double pneumonia tomorrow," said a voice behind me.

I turned and saw the same old dowager who had been in the tube—how long ago? Only nine hours? It seemed like an eternity.

No, madame. I think that you are wrong. For something of that "inner radiance" of our Queen has warmed us all. And will, I believe, continue to do so, as long as she may reign.

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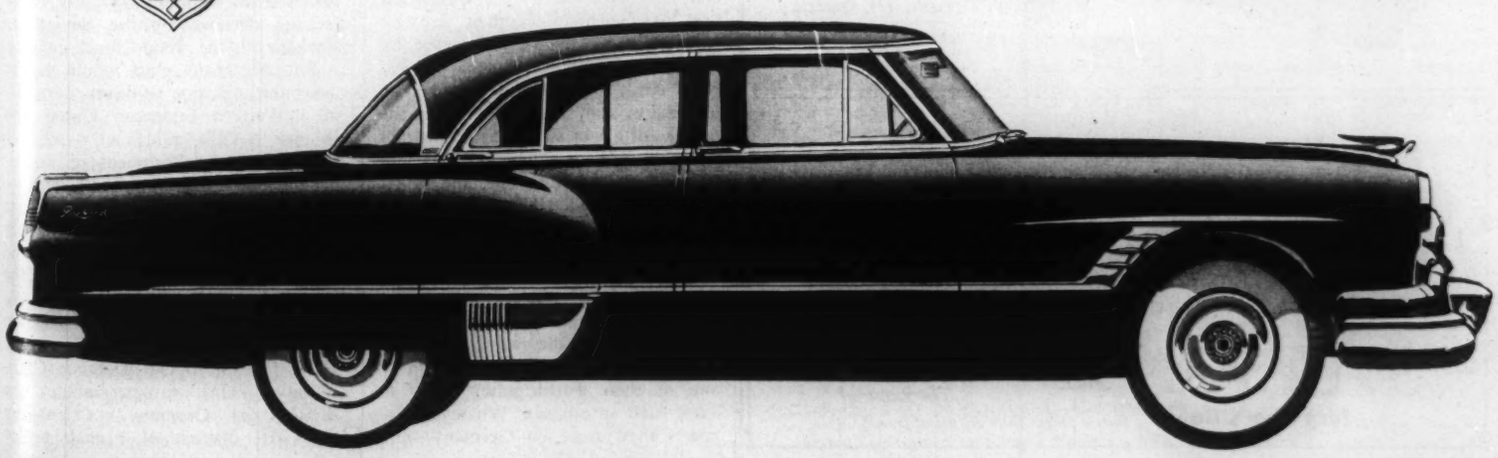

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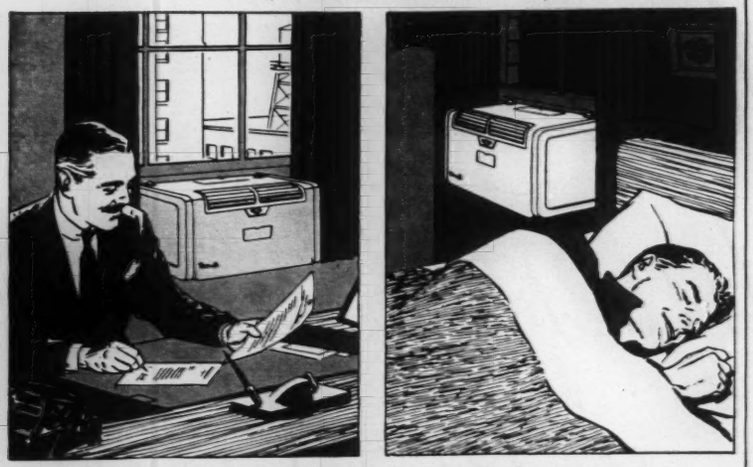

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Foreign Affairs

The View of Europe from Bermuda

THE PICTURE of Europe which Dwight Eisenhower brought away with him when he left a year ago was one of the Continent at the high tide of the movement towards unity. How many of us have an even more out-dated mental picture, of a Europe recovering under the Marshall Plan, and uniting in the European Army as a reaction to the Berlin Blockade?

This is altogether too comfortable a picture; the facts of the present European situation just don't fit into it any more. Schuman and Bevin, Marshall and Acheson, have passed from the stage, and Adenauer and de Gasperi quite conceivably could follow them soon. The balance which briefly existed between France and Germany in 1949-51 has tipped steadily against France, and as it has tipped the French have been less and less inclined to go ahead with the marriage. Also, as the Germans have become stronger and the French weaker, the less admirable characteristics of both races have shown up. On these the Soviets are working with might and main, to pry apart the half-built structure of Western Europe, and not without success.

It is time for us to pull ourselves up sharply and realize that we *could* be faced with a Europe with a neutral, reunited, rearmed Germany at its centre, again the strongest power on the Continent, and a weakened France trying to meet this situation by allying herself once again with Russia. Geography is a persistent thing, and three times in this century, in 1907, 1934 and 1944, quite different French and Russian regimes have sought support from each other against the menace of German power.

If such a policy were resumed tomorrow, it would be quite plain that the French were driven by panic deriving from the state of weakness they have allowed themselves to fall into, and obsessed by the traditional fear of Germany as their greatest enemy. They would be attracted by the great power of Soviet Russia. It is unlikely that the Russians, in return, would count much on the power of France to help restrain Germany—France, which could mobilize 200 divisions in the First World War and 100 as recently as 1940.

The Russians, being far stronger, and not weaker, than they were, need not fear attack by Germany alone. They need only fear Germany in alliance with the West. Therefore it is without question the primary aim of their world policy today to avert such an alliance. Whatever proposals they make on Germany—and these may be expected any day now—they will be intended in the first place to postpone and prevent German membership in a West European Army, itself an adjunct of NATO, and only secondarily to facilitate a Communist conquest of Germany.

After the experience with the defiance of the Communist government of Marshall Tito, I doubt if they are as cocksure as they may once have been that a Communist government is by nature a friendly one. They are more likely to seek a settlement of the German question which will be impervious to change of ideology or allegiance. It is only in the hope of securing such a settlement that the Soviets would agree to the reunification of Germany and give up their grip on the East Zone and the capital city of Berlin.

If they now offer such a plan for German reunification, it will be in the belief that the mere offer will help defeat the Adenauer Government in the West German elections expected in August, and will further unsettle the French, while if a Big Four Conference on Germany could once be opened it could be kept going for a long time, and the European Army stalled off until it died.

In view of Churchill's clearly-intended exclusion of the French from the big power get-together he has been urging, and of the very warm reception of Chancellor Adenauer on his recent trip to the United States, the Soviets may be expected to make what they can of the opportunity to pose as the champions of French interests. And if it would strain credulity for the Soviets to pretend to be the friends of France in Europe while continuing to direct and supply the war against them in Indo-China, that problem might be solved either by the French pulling out of Indo-China, as Pierre Mendès-France urged in his bid for the premiership a fortnight ago, or by a tactical decision by the Soviets to slacken off the Indo-China fighting.

But the main plan would be to avert the inclusion of West Germany in a Western European Union and in the NATO military alliance through the establishment of an independent, neutral, reunited Germany. Aiding the Soviets in this is Herr Ollenhauer, successor to Schumacher as leader of the Social Democratic Party, who goes up and down the land proclaiming that "no government must do anything whatsoever to bind the Federal Republic to the EDC (the European Defence Community), and so perpetuate the division of Germany." Ollenhauer also stirs distrust of French policy

by declaring that his party "opposes any attempt to detach the Saar from Germany on the false plea of 'Europeanization.' . . . It is impossible for any German Federal Government to renounce the point of view that the Saar is a part of Germany."

That is the German democratic Left. Now here is a voice from the Right. It is Franz von Papen, of whom one hoped never to hear any more, writing in the Madrid daily *ABC* a few weeks ago, and quoted in the *Christian Science Monitor*. He has a sly plan for making the best of both worlds in re-establishing a powerful Germany. First, he advocates the rapid completion of a European Union and formation of the European Army as a part of NATO. Second would come an accord with Russia resulting in the withdrawal of all occupation troops, leaving only the German units of the European Army to supervise free elections, under United Nations control. Third would come a treaty of peace between Germany and the Big Four, with revision of frontiers, giving the country neutral status. Fourth, there would be a Big Four guarantee of Germany's armed neutrality.

THE IDEA IS, Germany first gets an army, by going along with EDC. Then she gets a government, in all-German elections supervised by German troops, with occupation forces withdrawn. Then she gets a peace treaty, with some improvement of her present eastern frontiers, being already a powerful nation. And finally, she gets a Big Four guarantee.

Things are not likely to come out that way, nor am I suggesting that the Soviets are likely to succeed entirely with their policy towards Germany and France. But currents are stirring in Europe of which we should be aware. In default of any American leadership since before the political conventions last year, the Western drive towards unity is floundering. Nations that have been through a dozen years of war, occupation and crisis are groaning under armament burdens and craving for more trade. The American blindness to the immense value of freeing only another billion or two out of their three hundred billion dollar annual market to the entry of the goods of their NATO partners, has been particularly discouraging.

The Soviets have seized on the trading difficulties of the Western allies as the most vulnerable joint at which to pry. Over a year ago they launched the Moscow "World Economic Conference," to hold out the bait. Stalin, in his now famous last article in the *Bolshevik*, last September, wishfully predicted that the leading Western nations would so fall out over trading opportunities that in the end Britain and France would fight, if necessary, to break out of the "grip" of the United States and seek trade with the Soviet world.

How happy the Soviets must be over the rejection by Eisenhower himself, the great friend of Europe, of the low British bid on the electrical equipment for the Chief Joseph Dam—following on many similar rejections; and over the black-listing by the McCarthy-Knowland Republicans of all British and other allied ships trading with Communist China, even in non-strategic goods. It is reported from Geneva that the Soviet delegates to the latest meeting of the UN's Economic Commission for Europe talked strictly business, without propaganda, and greatly interested the other delegates, notably the West Germans.

Here is a warning which the leaders of the West must heed. *Nothing stands still.* And military defence is no stronger than the economy behind it. If NATO ignores these precepts, and tries merely to hang on, the Soviets will continue joyfully to probe for its weak points and harry it until they succeed in breaking it up. If NATO is to endure it must be widened and deepened; it must have a positive program which will give it a living force.

In turning back to the problems of Europe after a year of politicking in America, Eisenhower may find so much to be done in reinforcing and consolidating the NATO front before a meeting with the Russians, as to be beyond the scope of the Bermuda Conference, at which, in any case, no one can speak firmly for France. In view of the truce in Korea the conferees would do well if they could compose their Far Eastern differences and agree on a concerted military and political policy for that area, before going into the Asian Conference which now looms up, full of prickly difficulties.

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Films

Romantic Preface

Young Queen Bess, a romantic preface to the life of Elizabeth I, of England, was carefully timed to coincide with the Coronation festivities of Elizabeth II. It is, appropriately, quite a gorgeous affair, with all the glow and visual excitement of fireworks, and with a minimum of the usual fizz and splutter. Certainly there is enough color, design and variety here to make a handsome display while it lasts, which is about all one can ask, either of fireworks or of historical screen drama.

Adapted from a novel by Margaret Irwin, *Young Queen Bess* is probably no more faithful to history than most historical dramas written by ladies of excitable fancy. According to the Irwin interpretation, Elizabeth I remained the Virgin Queen through her long reign because of an adolescent love affair that turned out badly. This hardly seems likely; Queen Elizabeth I was not a lady who would allow lifelong sentiment to interfere with political advantage. She did have a great taste for costume and pageantry, however, and *Young Queen Bess* supplies these in abundance.

She is played here by Jean Simmons; and while it is impossible to imagine Jean Simmons's mobile young face hardening later into the resolute Tudor mask of Queen Elizabeth I, there is enough fire and vigor in the Simmons performance to suggest some sort of conformity with historical tradition. Stewart Grainger is cast as Admiral Thomas Seymour, the object of the young Queen's attachment, and gives a standard Stewart Grainger performance. Like the rest of the cast, he is wonderfully got up in Tudor finery, but one still feels that he would look just as romantic—and no more historical—if he were dressed up in the parlor curtains.

Deborah Kerr as Katharine Parr, the only one of Henry's wives to survive him, seemed far too gentle and frail to get through that particular historical ordeal safely. However, she is lovely to look at, in the various fruit-colored velvets that Tudor ladies always seemed to go about in, whatever the occasion. The role of Henry VIII is played with customary upheaval by Charles Laughton.

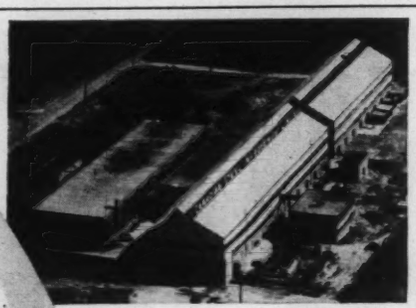
The Girls of Pleasure Island is an innocent little frolic about three pretty English girls living on an island in the South Pacific. The girls, it seems, had never laid eyes on an eligible young man until World War II, when 1500 marines swarmed into their paradise to lay down an airstrip. This situation presents a problem for their father, a decorous British type, and he gets very little help from his housekeeper (Elsa Lancaster), who encourages her young charges in their romantic notions, and contrives wonderful *haute couture* costumes for them, with nothing but a treadle sewing machine and an eye for what will please the boys.

Leo Genn, wearing a moustache on a very stiff upper lip, plays the distracted father, and the three daughters are Joan Elan, Audrey Dalton and Dorothy Bromiley, a very pretty trio. The three eventually find, more or less, the romance they are looking for, in Gene Barry, Don Taylor and Peter Baldwin. The story has all the artlessness of *Little Women*, with, unfortunately, none of the authority of that homely classic.

Remains to be Seen, starring June Allyson and Van Johnson, is a comedy-mystery, based on the Howard Lindsay - Russell Crouse Broadway success of a couple of seasons ago. June Allyson, whose talent for quivering her lower lip has led her into some woeful byways recently, gets a livelier assignment here. She is a band-singer, who stumbles on a murder mystery and presently finds herself involved with sliding panels, a homicidal doctor, (John Beal), a sleek blonde (Angela Lansbury), who tries to push her off balconies while sleep-walking, and an infatuated house-manager (Van Johnson), who usually contrives to be on the wrong side of the sliding panel when the heroine is in mortal danger.

It is a rather confused and repetitive story, but at least it was a pleasure to see June Allyson cutting loose with "Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye," and nothing more serious on her mind than the problem of who stuck the carving knife in her deceased uncle.

MARY LOWREY ROSS



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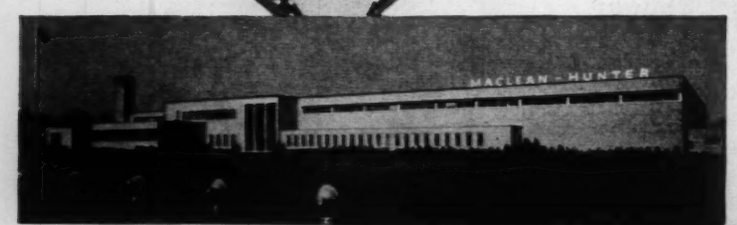

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They Say:

Nanton (Alta.) News: Even the mildest man appears to resent the very people he sets in authority over himself, yet he gives authority to these people, to relieve himself of responsibility and the need to make decisions.

It seems that man must in every way be at odds with himself, in wanting the unrestricted liberty, yet dreading the duty of being completely responsible for his own actions and exercising his own judgment.

Vancouver Province: A. D. Dunton, CBC chairman, told the Commons broadcasting committee recently that psychologists suggest radio soap operas provide a good emotional outlet for Canadian housewives and that there would be many more divorces if it weren't for the airway serials. Since Canadian divorces are up 6 per cent and BC divorces have risen 14 per cent, Mr. Dunton had better think up another one.

Ottawa Citizen: It seems that the lead in educational progress has been taken by the provinces farther west. In Manitoba, Ontario, and the provinces to the east, lethargy and complacency are much too prevalent, with the result that many children are being needlessly handicapped. Even so, much money has been spent on salary improvements and new construction. What is lacking is a sense of urgency in face of the facts that the pace of progress is too slow and that young people are not being attracted into teaching in sufficient numbers to meet present or future needs.

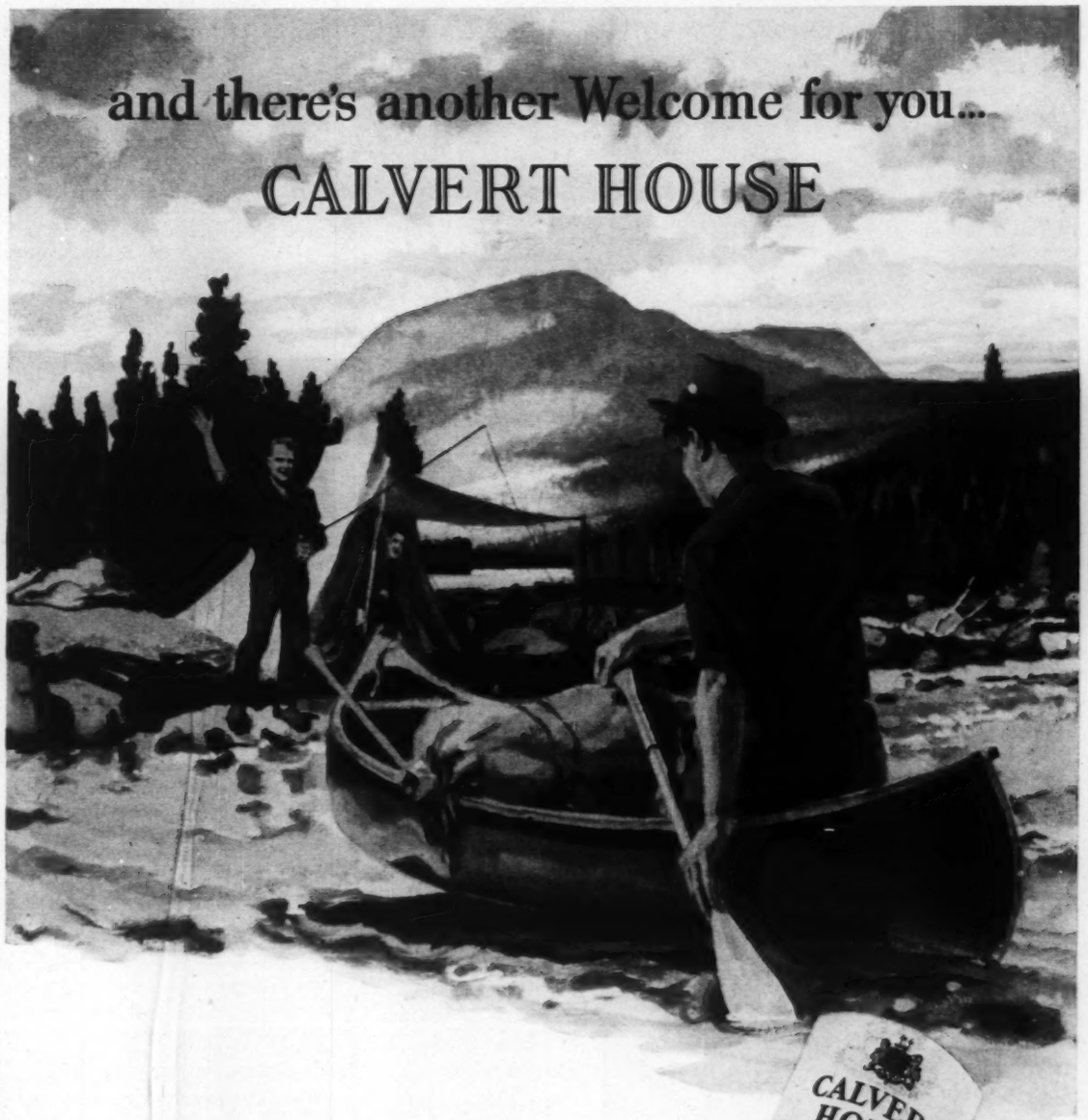
Montreal Financial Times: Sooner or later hospitals become urgent matters for almost everybody. Then it suddenly matters to the individual whether the hospitals of his community have all the equipment and facilities necessary. The time to wonder about all this is, of course, long before the emergency takes place.

St. John's, Nfld., Telegram: For 103 years the rays of the setting sun have poured through the western windows of the House of Assembly, and painted the walls above the government benches with the thin illusion of gold. It has also bothered the honorable members by getting in their eyes. It didn't matter so much in the days when speeches were delivered from the funds of an active mind, but in these days when they are often delivered from crowded sheets of scribbled foolscap, it has proved too much of a nuisance. The western windows have been equipped with Venetian blinds, and members can now read their speeches in comfort.

New York Herald Tribune: Rightly or wrongly, dictionaries are commonly regarded as clothed in an authority that verges on the awesome. People use dictionaries to settle arguments, win bets and solve crossword puzzles, as well as to look up words. When a word is in the dictionary, it commands respect and esteem; when it is not, no matter what its intrinsic worth, people regard it as a little dubious. So it is no surprise that dictionaries are pretty careful about which words they let in and which they keep out, or that they keep a careful eye on the behavior of all newcomers after admission.

This being the case, it is interesting to learn that a new dictionary put out by the World Publishing Co. has quietly dropped hubba hubba. Back in 1946, hubba hubba looked good. As an expression indicating pleasure or surprise it seemed, according to the dictionary makers, to have "a fine life expectancy." But hubba hubba has not fulfilled the hopes that people — some people — had of it. Today one can search the H's in vain. Howdy is there and even humph, but not hubba hubba. What seems to have happened is that hubba hubba's credentials were not examined closely enough at the gate. And once it got in, alongside the highclass words like hibernate and huckleberry, it showed its true colors. So they kicked the bum out. Good riddance, too.

Stratford Beacon-Herald: Still, you have got to hand it to the modern man. He makes more conversation out of a snow storm that delays him 15 minutes on the way to the office than his great-grandfather got out of being stuck all winter in a mountain pass and eating the mules.



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Books

Why Not Be a Collector?

IT IS ALWAYS pleasant to receive a good new work on book-collecting and the arrival of John Carter's *ABC For Book Collectors* gives me a chance to write about a pursuit which appears to be slighted and misunderstood in Canada. Our neglect of book-collecting is, of course, only a part of our general neglect of books. A survey made a little over a year ago by the Gallup people showed that Canadians, with the exception of the inhabitants of the U.S.A., read less than any other nation of the Western civilized world. Scandinavians, Netherlanders, the French, the British, Australians and New Zealanders all read more than we do.

We are short of bookshops of all kinds, and antiquarian bookshops can hardly be said to exist within our borders. Some bookshops have a little group of what they call "fine editions"; these are modern reprints of classics, usually illustrated and bound in a manner which can only be called "fine" if one is rather easily contented. It would be more correct to describe them as "fashionable," and like all merely fashionable objects they are apt to lose their attraction in a decade or so.

As books, they have grave faults; they are often too heavy to hold in comfort; their bindings are frequently of easily soiled materials; their illustrations and decorations do not stand the test of time. They do not appeal to people who are deeply fond of books, and it is unlikely that they will ever be sought after by serious collectors, for they have neither rarity, special literary interest, nor beauty, and these are the qualities which collectors seek.

These books, however, reflect the taste of people who have some desire to collect books, but who do not know how to go about it. Their instinct is a commendable one, but it is not supported by knowledge. If they would take some pains to find out a little bit about books they could begin collections which would give them far greater satisfaction. Mr. Carter's book is an invaluable guide to such beginners, for it is a glossary of collector's terms. And as such it is also of interest and value to old hands at collecting.

In my experience private libraries of real interest are uncommon in our country. I do not write now of collections made by very wealthy men and women who can buy almost anything they want: I mean libraries collected by people of moderate income which reflect their tastes and interests. Such libraries need not be large; they may not run to more than two or three hundred volumes; but they have about them an air of intimacy and completeness which no random collection of best-sellers and treatises on golf and dieting can hope to win.

Canadians do not read enough books, and they do not buy enough books, and in most Canadian homes the few bookshelves are loaded with miscellaneous trash — the roller-skate libraries of people with Buick incomes. Of course I shall be told that books are expensive, and I shall agree; a good book costs almost as much as a good dinner, and to buy a book once a week would certainly prove an intolerable burden to a person who thinks nothing of eating a dinner every day. But I do not speak of libraries of thousands of volumes—only of libraries which may be reckoned in scores of volumes.

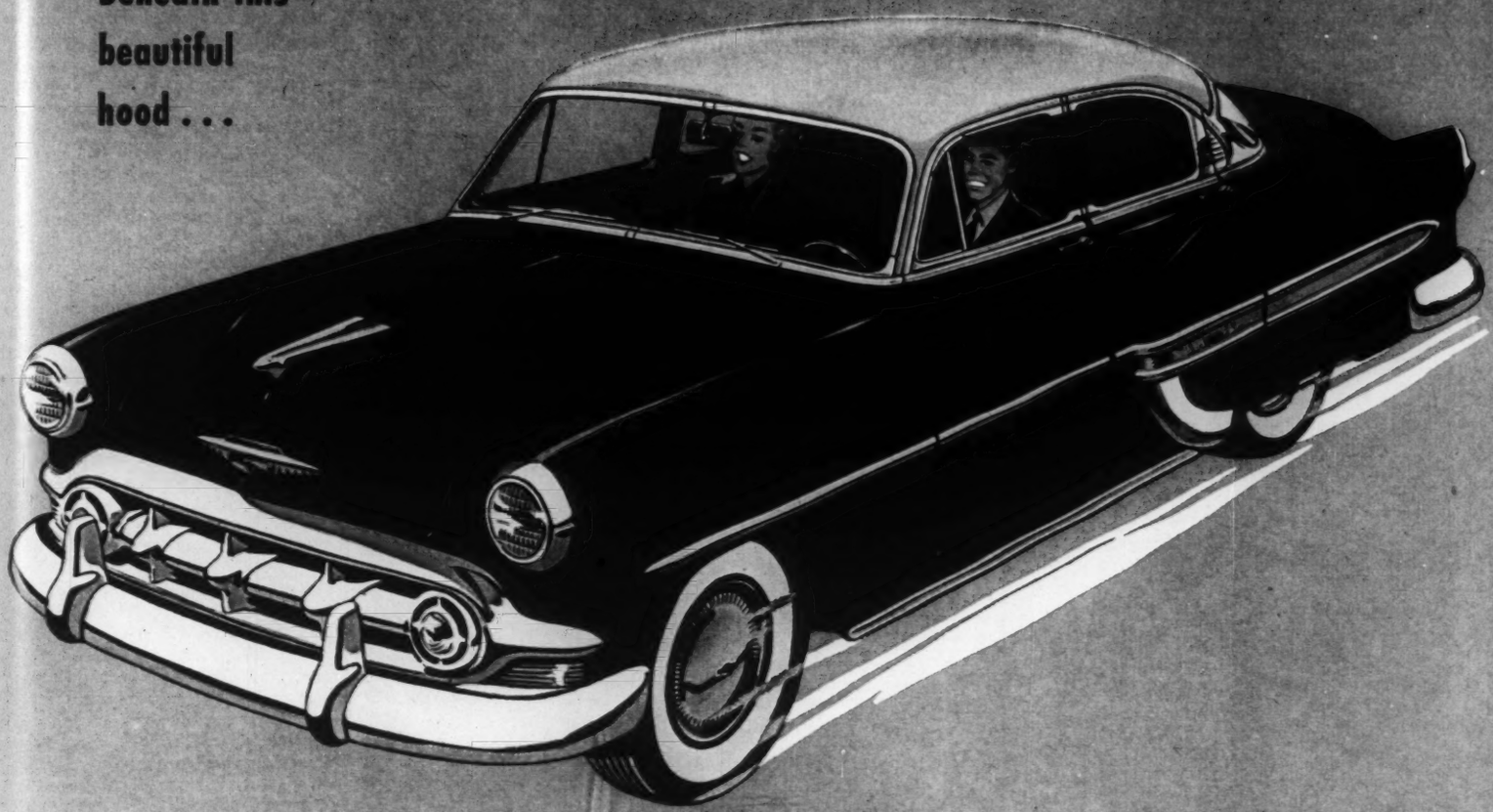
I do not write, either, of libraries of beautifully bound antique books for, desirable as those are, they are costly to acquire. On this continent any binding better than cloth is accorded a ridiculous prestige. To find out what this amounts to in money, you have only to check the price of an eighteenth century book in an English bookseller's catalogue against the price asked for the same book, in the same condition, by a New York bookseller. An increase of 300 per cent should not surprise you. Any old book, leather-bound, takes on some of the characteristics of the Holy Grail as it crosses the Atlantic.

This reverence, I may say, does not afflict the more reputable Canadian booksellers who deal in antique books. It is often possible to buy a good old book in Toronto cheaper than it could be bought in England, because the demand is less, and the bookseller tires of keeping such merchandise. Canada is not an ideal place to buy antique books, but for those who know what they are doing it has certain advantages, as compared with the U.S.A.

A LIBRARY, I repeat, is a collection of books which reflects the interests and temperament of its owner. It would be harsh indeed to insist that the books in the average Canadian home reflected the interests and temperament of the average Canadian. Therefore let us agree not to call such accumulations libraries. But anyone who wishes it can have a library, and if he sets out to acquire one he will inevitably have to buy some books which are not quite new, and may be quite old. He will want to get his books at a fair price, and in good condition. Therefore he must become, if only in a very limited sense, a collector, and as such he will have to know what he is doing. Therefore he had better buy a little book by Bernard J. Farmer called *The Gentle Art of Book Collecting*, and the new book by Mr. Carter which forms the excuse for this article.

Canadians are, of course, in the

Beneath this beautiful hood . . .



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ideal situation to collect Canadiana. If you have any intention of doing so, you had better begin at once, for the field is not as open as it was even ten years ago, and prices are going up, though they are still not beyond the reach of an ordinary income. Many of the older Canadian books are rare, and as they were not often expensively produced, and were seldom prized, it is not easy to find them in good condition.

Let me warn you at once that you will be disappointed if you expect to buy some Canadiana now and sell it at a profit in a few years; if you hope to make money from your collection you will have to give endless time to that pursuit and you will work very hard for every dollar you get. But if you wish to have a collection of early Canadian books which will give you countless hours of pleasure and interest, and if you are willing to accept these as your sole gain, go at it by all means. Your children, or your grandchildren, may make a handsome profit on your books — provided they have not fallen prey to the damnable Canadian heresies that a book is something which lives in a Public Library, and that any clean book is superior to any old, worn one.

I purposely restrain myself from saying much about the pleasures of collecting and possessing books, great though these are. Too many people who are nervous and shy of books are frightened forever by those Professional Book Lovers who write affected nonsense about the delights of sitting in one's favorite armchair before an open fire, one's pipe (filled, doubtless with the Arcadia Mixture) in one's mouth and a friendly, warm old calf-bound volume in one's hand. Such literary posturers usually refer to themselves as "bookmen."

A pox on all such bookmen, I cry! Books, and a personal library, are amenities of civilized life, to be enjoyed as civilized people enjoy things; the bookman, who writes about his library as though it were a harem and he a caliph crammed to the muzzle with oysters and cantharides, is a mere sensualist, and he makes me sick. Of course books can become a mania, but you need not fear that it will be so in your case. As many Canadians are social drinkers, you may also become a social collector. I can see no sign that the book-drunk, shaken and consumed by his horrible bouts of bibliomania, is likely to become a common figure in our Dominion.

To return to John Carter's book: it is excellently arranged, sensible and complete without being tiresomely technical, and a good example of honest, tasteful modern book-making in itself. I am not a greenhorn at collecting, and I have read it with pleasure and gratitude, and I shall keep it handy at all times. Can a man say more?

ABC FOR BOOK COLLECTORS — by John Carter—pp. 192—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.50.

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In Brief

EDUCATION AND LIBERTY—by James Bryant Conant—pp. 168 including 77 of notes and index—*Saunders*—$4.00.

MODERN SCIENCE AND MODERN MAN—by James B. Conant—pp. 111—*Oxford*—$3.00.

Dr. Conant, now American High Commissioner to Germany, was President of Harvard for twenty years; he is also a scientist. These books, based on a lecture series he delivered in the last eighteen months, present an approach to his philosophy as both educationist and scientist. Curiously, his essays on science are more philosophic than his book on education, which disappoints one's expectations roused by its profound title. It is better called by the sub-title: "The Role of the Schools in a Modern Democracy," the democracy being the U.S.A. It is a practical, detailed analysis.

The four lectures on the implications of science and technology today are challenging dissertations. Dr. Conant is not dismayed. The scientific theories of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries stand, he says, like the Parthenon and the cathedrals of the Middle Ages as witnesses to what the human spirit can accomplish. Modern science's message to modern man is this: that "a continued reduction in the degree of empiricism in our undertakings is both possible and of deep significance."

Canadian educators should familiarize themselves with the thesis and empirical recommendations in Dr.

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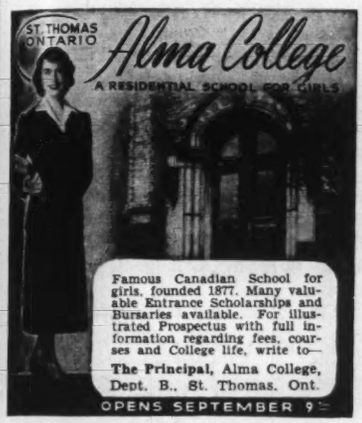
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Conant's lectures on the schools, for the problems confronting the Canadian school system are similar in kind if not in degree to the American problems. His analyses and suggestions are too compact for a just precis of them here. They have stirred considerable controversy in the States.

His point of view is that of a deep-dyed democrat. He says: "We have made great progress in our attempt to provide adequate schools for *all* American youth. For the future we must endeavor to combine the British concern for training 'the natural aristocracy of talents' with the American insistence on general education for *all* future citizens." This sounds like a glib statement, but Dr. Conant's detailed recommendations are deeply studied. Among them is this: two years of general education following the regular high school program, to meet the needs of those less well equipped for higher education and to free the universities for their proper scholarly uses. He suggests that a degree be given the two-year students to make the course socially acceptable.

Canadian universities will be overburdened a dozen years hence when the present crowded crop of elementary school pupils leaves high school. The universities and the taxpayers should cock an ear to Dr. Conant's recommendations.

A FIDDLE, A SWORD, AND A LADY — by Albert Spalding—pp. 338—*Collins*—$3.00.

The famous, recently deceased concert violinist, Albert Spalding, has written a novel. It is, naturally, about a violinist—Giuseppe Tartini, romantic Istrian wizard of the eighteenth century who accidentally discovered the acoustical phenomenon of resultant tones and had a wayward love life with Elisabetta Premazone. Not so naturally, the novel is readable as a novel. The story stretches thin across its musical history, musical technicalities and musicologist's research and affection, but it does emerge. The dialogue is surprisingly good, particularly in the feeling it gives of Italian peasantry. Mr. Spalding was an amateur writer but the stuff of his story is good and interesting.

FAR FROM CUSTOMARY SKIES — by Warren Eyster—pp. 372—*Random House*—$4.50.

This strong novel of men at sea in wartime is the American counterpart of Monsarrat's *The Cruel Sea*. Saying this is to praise it, as well as to indicate its nature. The men on the destroyer, *Dreher*, whether in training, in combat or in thrall to the sea, are as real as the duty, boredom, fear and danger they meet. Yet this novel does not move heart or mind as Monsarrat does. Why not? Because Monsarrat is an artist. Mr. Eyster—on the evidence of this book—is not.

Mr. Eyster gives a sincere, honest and selective report. One cannot question his authenticity of detail — even the most grubby and gruesome. But the author fails to transcend the reality. As a creative work it is as commonplace as most of his men. (Bravery and fear and brutality are commonplace in war).

The horizon from a fox-hole is limited. If the Pentagon had been clever enough to spot every potential war novelist and make him an officer, we might have had better American war novels. Perhaps not; Ernie Pyle is pretty strong in the States.

Far from Customary Skies has excited a large American sale.

BLANKET BOY'S MOON—by Peter Lanham and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus—Collins—$3.00.

A strong novel of the hopeless problem of the African kaffir trying to obey two sets of laws—the ancient ones of his tribe and those of the white man. A Basuto tribesman (Monare) begins his downfall when he goes to Johannesburg to work in the mines. In theme, treatment and the controlled passion of the statement it resembles *Cry, The Beloved Country* and the recent powerful and poignant novelistic document *The Law of the Vulture*. These are today's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, except that the authors are better aware of the social problems.

Monare's atonements to his conscience for a ritual murder are impressive and real, but no atonement suffices in the eyes of the police. A secondary theme is religion; Christianity, not even skin deep, must fail the kaffir.

The book is an eloquent statement of social wrong. It is told, as the authors point out, in a style much like that of an ancient all-seeing story-teller. This leads to some oddities in construction but suits the subject.

NINE O'CLOCK GUN—by Roland Wild—pp. 224—*Cassell*—$3.50.

An unthreaded bobbin named Neil McKay is shuttled through the history of Vancouver, marries, has children, makes a fortune. As a character in a novel he is void and without form. So are the other persons, fictional or real. Such story as there is in this so-called novel of Vancouver is Vancouver's story. But the author catches it only on cardboard.

The great moments of West coast history — the CPR, the Yukon gold rush, even Robert Service — are set down with care for detail and obvious research, but with little sense of the novel. Because there is no story to vivify the fictional characters, it is a plodding book to read.

There is material here for twenty novels, but Mr. Wild has not written one of them.

WATKINS' LAST EXPEDITION — by Spencer Chapman—pp. 224—*Heinemann (Vanguard Library)*—75 cents.

Spencer Chapman's zest for far-flung adventure in lonely places is vividly communicated in this story of an expedition to East Greenland. He made it in 1932 in company with Gino Watkins and two others. A meteorological and coastal survey was intended. Watkins was drowned almost at the outset while seal-hunting alone in his kayak. *Living Dangerously*—the title of his latest book, reviewed recently in these columns—has long been a theme of English schoolmaster Spencer Chapman.

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popular stories includes *The Razor's Edge, Brave New World* and *Life With Father*. It is an attractive English pocket edition in price and titles. The print is clear; the paper inferior. *Watkins' Last Expedition* was first published nearly twenty years ago.

RICHES FROM THE EARTH — by Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton—pp. 159 —Longmans, Green—$3.25.

A cleanly-printed, simply illustrated account of minerals, their occurence, discovery, mining and uses. A grade-school text at a collegiate price.

"Advance with Courage"

A BONNIE FECHTER—by Marjorie Pentland—pp. 244 with index and illustrations — Clarke, Irwin—$5.00.

It is hard enough to write a good life of anyone; when the subject is a beloved mother the task becomes infinitely more difficult. But this quiet, naively written life of the first Marchioness of Aberdeen by her daughter Marjorie, Lady Pentland, is a first-rate piece of work in its way. It is factual without being dull, tender without being sticky, and remarkably convincing and sincere in its tone.

Lady Aberdeen's life was a busy and happy one, and probably her most remarkable feat was her launching of the International Council of Women. She was a feminist who had no desire to be other than feminine, but she had ideas about the range of feminine ability and influence which were unusual in a Victorian lady. She was born Ishbel Marjoribanks, and the motto of that family is "Advance With Courage". That is precisely what she did.

The chapters relating to her life in Canada are full of interest. She and her husband came to this country at the end of eighteen years of Conservative power; the Liberals had but five representatives in the Senate, and oddly enough, this fact never troubled the Conservative conscience, since so tender about large Senate majorities. Lady Aberdeen wrote home that their personal staff were "all awful Conservatives" — sad companions for friends of Gladstone! Ottawa society sneered at the Aberdeens because they owned a fruit farm, and were thus "in trade"—because they were Presbyterians and thus Nonconformists—because they were sympathetic toward Irish Home Rule. They early made an enemy of testy old Sir Charles Tupper. Lady Aberdeen shocked the backwoods gentry because she gave dances for her servants, and made speeches in public—a thing no Canadian lady would ever do!

In the course of time, however, the Aberdeens won their way into Canadian hearts. The launching of the National Council of Women was no easy task, but it was done. Even harder was the founding of the Victorian Order of Nurses; the medical profession, characteristically, opposed it, but finally came round to her way of thinking, and a service of public nursing for this "huge, poor, under-peopled, divided country" was set on foot. She founded the May Court Club, which still flourishes. When the Aberdeens' six years at Rideau Hall were complete they had won most of the country to themselves, and it was Lady Aberdeen, as much as her husband, who had done it.

There is much of the story beside this, but the Canadian passages alone make this a book which we cannot neglect. It is handsomely printed and lavishly illustrated.

T. J. A.

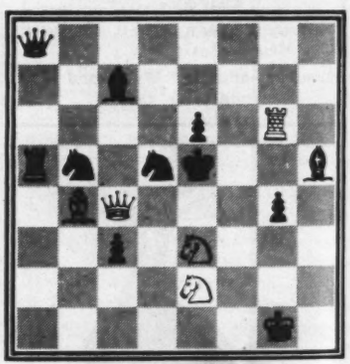
Chess Problem

SELF-BLOCKS are a form of self-interference restricting the motion of the black King, and naturally were studied intensively long before other forms of interference had much attention. In a two-mover the block always occurs by the moving of a black piece to a square in the King's field. In longer problems the King may be the moving piece, and if the blocking piece has moved previously, this earlier move is termed an anticipatory self-block.

The Queen can operate five self-blocks in a two-mover, the Rook four, the Bishop and Knight two each similarly in three different ways, and the Pawn three by making at least one capture.

The use of four self-blocks by the two Knights is called the horse-block theme. J. Paluzie has shown that there are only six combinations of squares in the black King's field, on which these four Knight self-blocks may occur. The Knights may come from a number of points, making a total of seventeen possible settings.

Problem No. 18, by G. Guidelli
Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Of the seventeen relationships mentioned above, H. Weenink has succeeded with the extremely difficult one in the following:

White: K on KB2; Q on KR6; Rs on QR6 and QKt6; Kts on QR4 and KKt8; Ps on QKt7 and KB7. Black: K on Q2; R on Q1; Bs on QKt4 and Q3; Kts on QB2 and K2; Ps on QKt5, QB3, K4 and KB4. Mate in two. Key-move 1.RxP.

In No. 18 above, Guidelli gets these four corner self-blocks from a second of the three possible relationships, along with a half-pin.

Solution of Problem No. 17

1.Q-R4, threatening 2.QxP mate. If QRxP; 2.B-R7 mate. If KRxP; 2.Q-K1 mate. If PxP; 2.Q-Q4 mate. If R-B5; 2.QxR mate. If KxP; 2.QxKR mate. Three good changemates here.

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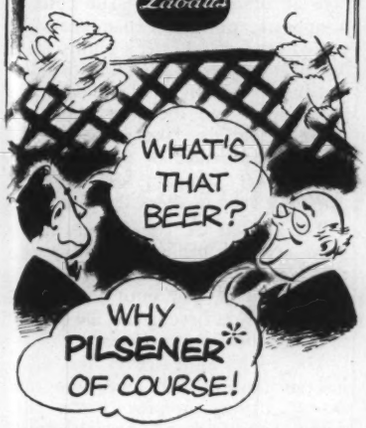

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Sports

Vacations, Huh?

THE CANADIAN summer fishing season is upon us and, in the course of the next three or four months, countless wives will take to drink, countless children will become prospective patients for psychiatric treatment and countless city lawns will grow as wildly as the jungles of the Amazon. The twin causes of this domestic disruption are fishing trips and summer vacations.

Although the tourist officials and tackle-manufacturers will bear us no love for this, we find it difficult to list fishing (at least, the type in which our personal friends indulge) as sport. On the other hand, our personal observations of the past 20 years have led us to believe that fishing is an extremely hazardous pastime, to be ranked with shooting Niagara Falls in a barrel or riding a motorcycle on a vertical wall.

The man who goes away on a fishing trip is courting disaster just as surely as if he tried hanging by his toes from a window-ledge on the 58th storey of the Empire State Building.

Whenever one of our colleagues beats himself on the chest and announces that he is off to pursue the finny denizens of the deeps, we check to be sure that his Blue Cross hospitalization policy hasn't lapsed. What a tragic metamorphosis this man can undergo in a few days. He goes away clear-eyed, jaunty and full of *joie de vivre*. He comes back bleary-eyed, shattered in body and spirit and full of remorse. He is inclined to be suicidal for two or three days, but tender, loving care will nurse him out of it. Then, just like a dypsomaniac, he will do it all over again a few weeks later.

For the last three years, your correspondent, with a sorrowing heart, has watched the departure of the Toronto Men's Press Club's annual fishing party. It is fortunate for journalism in Canada's second largest city that this junket is confined to a single week-end. Their wives and children smile bravely as they bid adieu to these hardy adventurers. Then the wives and children, conditioned by past experience, huddle by their radios to await the first casualty lists.

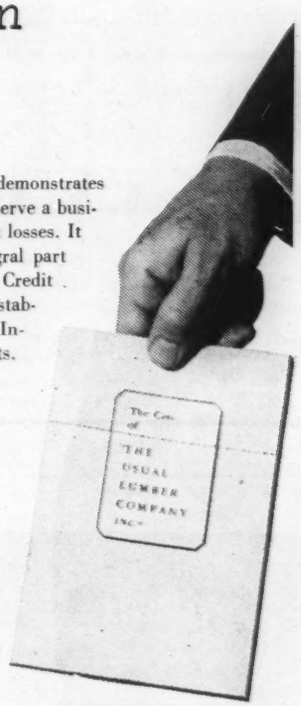
There is something pitiful about the gay badinage which is exchanged by these pioneers as they gather at the assembling point. An assistant city editor chews on a cigar and boasts about the time he carried a fully-loaded canoe across a 14-mile portage. The truth of the matter is that he couldn't carry a fully-loaded cup of coffee the length of the newsroom without spilling half the contents.

The fish-and-game columnist learnedly discusses his collection of trout flies (which was presented to him by a tackle-manufacturer in return for three columns of free publicity). This particular columnist has been threatening to fill our refrigerator with fish

"Nothing has happened to us, therefore, nothing can happen to us"

In the last 10 or 12 years, there have been relatively few insolvencies. Bad debt losses have been unusually low. This has resulted in a dangerous reaction. An alarming degree of complacency is building up in the minds of many executives.

Secondary credit costs are frequently more damaging than bad debts



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Will you please . . .

"Will you please tell me what to buy" or . . . "I have some money to invest and am wondering if I should buy bonds or shares . . . at the present time I hold . . . will you please advise me . . ." So many letters come in to us starting out just this way. Often we are asked what type of security we would recommend for a particular purpose. Some ask for information about an industry . . . or a company . . . while others say "Here is my list of securities. Will you please review them and tell me what you recommend? . . . "

Most of these letters are from people who do business with us regularly, but many are from people who do not.

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GORDON W. BROAD

RUSSELL F. HUNT

Elizabeth Arden is pleased to announce the appointment of Mr. Gordon W. Broad, as General Manager of Elizabeth Arden of Canada Limited. Mr. Broad has been closely associated for the past 20 years with the merchandising of toilet goods and preparations, and is well-known across Canada in this and allied fields.*

Miss Arden is also pleased to announce the appointment of Mr. Russell F. Hunt as General Sales Manager of Elizabeth Arden of Canada Limited. Mr. Hunt has wide sales experience and has been associated with the drug business for the past 16 years. *

ever since he joined the paper but, up until now, we've received nothing better than half-a-dozen tins of sardines.

Two days later, they return and report for work, hollow-eyed, unshaven, sleepless and surly. In some respects, they resemble Napoleon's troops on the retreat from Moscow. The office boys scurry in fright and the paper is produced under emergency conditions. This is certain to be the day on which the Woodbine race results will turn up on the editorial pages and someone in the composing room will transpose the captions on the pictures of Sir Winston Churchill and Native Dancer. It is also the day on which the water-cooler will be emptied three times during the first two hours of the shift.

Your agent has kept his little notebook in which he recorded the results of last year's expedition of the Toronto Men's Press Club. There were several cases of delayed action but, one year later, this is the run-down on the safari:

One broken ankle.

Two men lost in the bush overnight.

One boat sunk.

Six prostrating cases of second-degree sunburn.

Three members relieved of at least two weeks' pay as result of a friendly poker game.

Three beautiful friendships irreparably damaged as result of a friendly poker game.

Two members sued for divorce.

Six resignations from the Toronto Men's Press Club.

Twelve members of the Toronto Men's Press Club posted for non-payment of dues.

TOTAL CATCH: Eight pike; twelve bull-heads; 58 back-lashes; one rubber boot; two sunken stumps; one water-logged copy of Chums' Annual and eight cases of sniffles, as a result of an unscheduled immersion.

* * *

Then, there are those dear old summer vacations at Sunburn Point. (Sunburn Point is just across the bay from Camp Poison-Ivy.) For years, The Female of The Species has been telling The Mere Male that she simply must have a cottage at Sunburn Point so that she and the children can get away from the heat of the city. Besides, she explains, it will be an excellent place for The Mere Male to relax on the week-ends. He will be able to drive out after the office closes on Friday afternoons and he will have wonderful, carefree hours until he leaves for the office again, early Monday morning.

At least once in his life, The Mere Male falls for this arrant sucker-bait. He pulls out his frayed cheque-book and rents a cottage for two months. The cottage is situated at Sunburn Point and is advertised as having "All Modern Conveniences." (Ha!)

So, he loads the family into the car —the Little Monsters in the back-seat with the family dog, the love-birds and the potted palms which are treasured by The Female of The Species. Junior pins the family dog, two out of three falls, but then the family dog begins to get the upper hand. The Female of The Species, who insists upon reading the road map and acting as navigator, adds 45 miles to the trip. The lovebirds begin to suffer from mal de car. At this juncture, The Mere Male dons an oxygen mask, floods the car with chloroform and drives on in comfortable silence.

Ah—but the pleasures of that cottage at Sunburn Point! The cottage, it appears, previously had been occupied by Jeeter Lester's family from Tobacco Road. The "modern conveniences" consist of a quaint two-holer privy and the water must be carried from the lake in pails. The lighting is provided by a small municipal power company, whose main generator fails in every thunderstorm.

The Female of The Species has a good cry out behind the privy and then comes into the house to announce: "Just wait until next week-end—you won't recognize the place."

Comes the next week-end:

The Mere Male leaves the office just in time to encounter the outbound Friday evening traffic. He drives, bumper to bumper, the entire 132 miles to Sunburn Point. The trip requires more than five hours under these circumstances. He collapses from nervous exhaustion when The Female of The Species rushes to greet him. He finds it necessary to consume at least 12 ounces of Old Dr. Oswald's Family Remedy before his nerves settle sufficiently to permit him to go to bed.

It is then that The Mosquito goes into action. The Mosquito is no ordinary mosquito. The Mosquito is one which flourishes on DDT and other insecticides. When less hardy members of the breed drop like flies, The Mosquito sniffs the deady fumes happily and flexes his muscles. All day long, he sits on a rafter, sharpening his fangs. The Mosquito is a wily foe who wages a war of nerves rather than a war of attrition.

The Mosquito waits until the room is in darkness and The Mere Male is groping for the wind-tails of slumber. Then, The Mosquito swoops to the attack.

Armed with a rolled newspaper, The Mere Male spends the next four hours defending himself against fiendish assaults of this invisible foe. Eventually, bathed in perspiration and exhaustion, The Mere Male gives up the unequal struggle and lies panting in bed, awaiting the early dawn.

The next morning — 48 hours ahead of schedule—The Mere Male, who appears to have been squeezed through the eye of a darning-needle, announces unexpectedly that he must hurry back to the city to attend the meeting of the Daisy Drop-Link Forge Company.

He never returns to Sunburn Point.

By the end of the summer, he is living in an air-conditioned hotel room. He has bought himself a sun-lamp and he bathes under its rays for an hour each night. He appears to be healthy. He is tanned much more than his wife and children. He has a very nice one-holer with running-water.

Don't tell *us* about fishing or summer vacations.

JIM COLEMAN

Business

Responsibilities of Central Banks

By C. M. SHORT

PROBABLY no institutions have been the victims of so much misunderstanding as central banks, but the confusion is excusable. The literature on central banking is limited, and it is largely of a technical character.

While not deliberately keeping their functions and operations under cloaks of secrecy, these institutions are not overfond of widespread publicity — because of the special and preferred place they have in banking, for one reason. In practically all countries the essential features of these institutions exclude them from direct contact with the public. Yet their functions and operations clearly deserve more attention than has been given to them, so that the public would be better able to assess their real value, give due credit for their good work and censure them for their mistakes. They are man-made institutions of no miraculous powers. They are headed by human beings who, while highly experienced, should never be regarded as infallible.

Moreover, as Ray B. Westerfield, Phd.D., Sc.D. in *Money, Credit and Banking* pointed out: "Central banks, like other human institutions, are creatures of their time, and their policies follow, with varying lag, the prevailing philosophy of the people. The conceptions of a central bank in its relations to the government, to the other banks and financial institutions at home and abroad, to the monetary system, and to the functioning of the economy, has developed slowly through several centuries, with not a few starts, stops, and reversals, reflecting the important changes in political and economic affairs under way."

This broad statement requires some amplification. In the first place, central banking was born and has matured in periods of crisis. Two of the earliest of these institutions, the Bank of Venice (founded in 1171) and the Bank of England (established in 1694) were originally set up to assist governments which were in financial difficulties. The Bank of France, established by Napoleon in 1800 to aid his despotic designs by granting him interest-free loans, was another example of crisis banking. Coming closer to home, more than a century later the Bank of Canada was created to help overcome the devastating effects of the Great Depression.

Before going further with this subject of central banking and its origin, perhaps we should understand that from the beginning, and up to the present time, this form of banking has been dominated by political conditions. And there have been occasions when central banks have been the instruments of bad political conditions. For example, the Bank of France, completely subservient to government policy, concealed its losses resulting from the sterling devaluation of September 1931. During the German occupation of France, the Bank of France had to bear the occupation costs of its conquerors in the 1940's.

Many of the responsibilities thrust upon central banks by governments for political reasons have been accepted by these institutions with considerable reluctance; for one reason, because most public authorities were regarded as poor financiers, and for another, because the social welfare plans of governments were recognized as inflationary. Experience has proved the validity of these beliefs.

It has been found that even the most efficient central bank cannot balance a bankrupt government's budget or right an adverse trade balance with other countries. And perhaps more to the point, no banking system can do much to raise, or even lower, the standard of living. It must leave the ploughing of soil, the planting and reaping of crops and the production of other raw materials and their processing, to individuals and corporations. Unfortunately, these facts have been lost sight of at times, when political opportunists have intentionally or otherwise led the public to believe that a central bank meant a wide open purse from which everyone could draw freely.

However, central banks have had to carry out certain responsibilities which do influence economic life. They act as depositories for their governments and for the commercial banks. As such they control a good part of the liquid financial resources of their countries. Commercial bank reserves carried with central institutions determine the volume of credit that the commercial banks can extend to the public. If they increase their crediting their reserves are reduced and they may then curtail their lending, or rebuild their reserves by borrowing from or rediscounting with the central banks or, as a last resort, selling some of the securities they hold.

In recent times, what are known as open-market operations have become a favorite credit device of central banks. Briefly, these operations consist of buying and selling government bonds, which in effect raise or decrease the commercial banks' reserves, and at the same time determine bond prices and interest yields. These operations have almost supplanted the traditional central bank credit control policy of raising or lowering its own interest rates for borrowing and rediscounting by commercial banks.

Such operations also influence in some degree the incomes of thrifty individuals, corporations and institutions which have put their reserves into government bonds. But even this powerful credit control technique has its limitations, for not even the largest central bank has unlimited resources. Even if it were to use all of its assets in buying up government bonds, it must be careful not to affect the credit of the government under which it exists.

ANOTHER modern function of central banks during the recent condition of disturbed world trade has been the control of foreign exchange. This, perhaps, is one of the most difficult responsibilities thrust upon these institutions, for they are then confronted with political conditions outside their own borders, as well as trade and financial changes over which they have no direct control.

In addition, central banks serve as fiscal agents of their governments. They are depositories of most, if not all, of their government funds. They serve also as convenient means to market government bonds and act as government paying agents. They act, too, as paymasters for the public, as they have the note issue privilege, that is, the supply and distribution of currency that people require.

There is a widespread belief that this country's central institution, the Bank of Canada, was founded entirely on the recommendation of the MacMillan Commission, which made an extensive investigation of the Canadian banking system about 20 years ago. Actually, as the Prime Minister of the day (Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett) later admitted, he had previously decided that Canada should have a central bank. He was influenced in this decision by an exhaustive report on financial conditions, prepared by the late Dr. W. C. Clark soon after Mr. Bennett brought that brilliant economist to Ottawa from Queen's University. This report, marked Confidential and Secret, had a very limited distribution. (The writer's copy was numbered 51). With the passage of time, it seems permissible to quote from it, as follows:

CP

GRAHAM TOWERS: Governor of the Bank of Canada.

"Blessed with a banking system which has proved highly satisfactory over a long period, Canadians have been content to accept their money and banking arrangements without much question and their unimpaired confidence in the soundness of their banks and their monetary system during the last year is in striking contrast with the panicky loss of confidence of their Southern neighbors in their financial structure . . . For purposes of credit control, our machinery is not as highly organized in Canada as in most other advanced countries. In particular, we have no central bank, no banker's bank holding the cash reserves of the nation and charged, formally or informally, with responsibility for the control of credit.

"Now there can be no question that the existence of a central bank would greatly facilitate the task of achieving the objectives we have set up as the goal of monetary policy. Such a bank would be the responsible organization charged with the performance of such functions. It would be administered by competent men, trained in the banking field but now charged with public responsibility for the maintenance of sound credit policies. It would be in close contact with the banks at all times, would hold their cash reserves and by means of the orthodox methods of discount rate manipulation and open-market operations would be able to influence the volume of credit in use.

"The Finance Act of 1914 (re-enacted in 1923) provided for a method of performing in Canada perhaps the most important service of a central bank, that of "rediscounting" (or turning into cash) certain paper or securities held by member banks . . .

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

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Great Lakes Paper

AS I AM giving some consideration to the purchase of Great Lakes Paper common, at around 15, it will be appreciated if you will express your opinion on the merits of this stock for speculative, or long-term investment possibilities—T.W., Toronto.

GREAT LAKES PAPER has been one of the weaker members of the paper group for over a year. Since the high of 23½ was recorded in 1951, after the three for one split, the stock dropped to 15½ last October, and since then has moved in a narrow range between 17½ and the recent low of 15. This low is still well above the 1949 low of 9½ for the old stock or 3 3/16 for the new.

The annual reports have shown that the earning power of the company has been greatly influenced by the market for woodpulp. Both prices and demand for this product have fallen in the past year and a half. In 1952 this reduced net profits by 43.9%. Inventory in this period increased from $7,563,671 to $8,577,972, a level which almost covered the working capital of $8,716,919. This, plus the funded debt of $4,524,000, the 69,163 shares of $2.50 Class "A" preferred and the 100,000 shares of $1.20 Class "B" preferred, does not add up to a too attractive total.

Analysis of the chart pattern of this stock shows that an extension of the broad decline from the high could take the price back to the 10-12 level. Purchase cannot be recommended at this point.

Bell Telephone

YOUR OPINION of Bell Telephone Company of Canada as an investment for income at the present price of 39 would be appreciated. Is there reasonable assurance that the company can keep up the present dividend rate of $2.00 indefinitely?—D.M., Ottawa.

LIKE OTHER public utilities, the telephone comes under the heading of "musts" in our way of living. Its market expands in direct relationship with the growth of the population, and is about as stable as anything in the economy. As a measure of this, total assets have grown from $208 million in 1932 to $686 million in 1952. Dividends have been paid continuously since 1881 and the present rate has been maintained since 1937.

The stock tends to move slowly in a narrow range. This year's movements have been between 37⅛ and 39¾. Since 1948 it has swung between 34¼ and 44. For investment purposes, it should be bought in the lower half of this range or on a dollar averaging plan. Dollar averaging is the method whereby the same amount of money is used to make monthly or quarterly purchases. Because less stock is bought when the price is up than when it is down, the average price of the shares held is usually under the market.

The present yield of Bell is now close to 5%. This places the stock in a competitive position to high grade bonds. For example, Bell 4½% series "J" bonds at 101 give a yield just .5% less. As bond interest comes before dividends, the bonds would appear to be the better purchase for maximum safety of return until the stock sells close to 6% again around 34.

Sherritt Gordon

I AM holding some shares of Sherritt Gordon Mines. Would you please advise me of the prospects of this company—J.H.W., Edmonton.

THE PROSPECTS of this company appear very good. All phases of the construction program are reported to be on schedule. Development of the ore bodies is well under way and the plant at Fort Saskatchewan should be in operation early next year. The metallurgical process, which uses ammonia to extract the metals from the ore, has been well proved in pilot plant operations, and a 40-year supply of natural gas for its operation has been contracted for.

How profitable the operation will be is, of course, a matter of conjecture at this time, as costs can only be determined by actual experience in commercial operation. Considering the fact that all the expected output of nickel has been contracted for by the U.S. Government and four steel companies and the U.S. Government will take 50% of the copper and 60% of the cobalt produced; the combination of mine, management and process will be successful.

With the stock holding above the 1952-53 lows of 4 and 4.25, it appears to be more in a buying range than a selling one. Holding your position is suggested.

Normetal Mining

WOULD YOU regard Normetal Mining Corp. an attractive investment for a hold at the present market of 2.80?—W.J.M., St. Mary's, Ont.

NORMETAL does not appear too attractive at this price. The report for the first quarter shows earnings of $495,600, 13 cents per share, against the $740,000, or 19¾ cents per share, for the first quarter of 1952. With zinc prices remaining around 11 cents, and copper futures showing that a decline in price is very possible from the quotations of 28.6 cents for July delivery and 26 cents for December delivery, it seems likely that this level of earnings is the best that can be expected for the year.

Assuming that the dividend will be maintained at the rate of 8 cents per quarter, the indicated yield is 8.5% which brings the stock into a buying range. However, with selling

pressure still being exerted upon base metal issues, the market picture at present suggests that buying be deferred until the lower support level of 2.00-2.25 is reached.

Home Oil

I HAVE *some Home Oil shares that I bought at 12⅞. What is your opinion of this stock?—A.M.L., Robert's Creek, BC.*

Home Oil, at the present price of 8.05 is selling at the estimated value of its oil reserves and working capital per share. Omission of the dividend and the weakness displayed by all markets recently have contributed to this decline from the high of 17⅞.

The new management, which includes members of the Federated Petroleums board (Federated holds about 25% of Home stock), intends to proceed with an aggressive exploration program and to expand activity with the funds diverted from dividends.

With production revenue due to expand considerably with the completion of the Trans Mountain pipeline and the possibility of drilling increasing oil reserves considerably this year the stock appears to be at a buying level. Retention of your shares is advised.

East Rim Nickel

I HAVE *some shares of East Rim Nickel Mines. I would appreciate your opinion of the prospects of this company.—J.McK., Cornwall, Ont.*

AT LAST REPORT, East Rim has outlined 1,393,040 tons of ore with an average grade of .47% copper and 1.33% nickel. At present prices this has a gross value, before mining and milling, of $17.50 per ton. While the company has purchased a 1,000-ton-per-day mill, which is expected to be in operation around September, and has a contract with the U.S. Defence Material Procurement Agency for 65,000 tons of nickel ore, which will be milled by Falconbridge at a rate of 3,500 tons a day, it is a question whether this production will be profitable. Although comparison with a major operation such as Falconbridge may be somewhat unfair, we note that the operating expenses of Falconbridge in the production of 1,118,854 tons of ore were $17,566,410 or approximately $17 per ton in 1952.

Thus it appears that this is a marginal proposition, and full commercial operation depends upon the development of higher grade ore reserves in volume. The market price of the stock, now 1.17, is dependent upon the success of the marketing effort of the underwriters who have options on 100,000 shares at 1.15 and 240,000 shares at 1.25.

Consolidated Smelters

I HAVE *been following the price of Consolidated Mining and Smelting for quite some time. Now that it has dropped to 25 I am wondering whether it is a good investment buy. Would you advise?—G.V., Toronto.*

The dividend announcement, made recently, showed the dividend had been reduced to 60 cents for the half year from the 75 cents paid in January and the 90 cents paid last July. If this rate is to prevail the indicated yield is now 4.6%. This is comparable to bond yields.

Last March we made a study of this stock when it was trading at 29½. At that time we estimated a test of 22 was possible. The reduction of the dividend makes this seem more possible than ever and a test of a lower objective of 18 is now estimated.

Base metal prices show little sign of strengthening and copper is due for a markdown.

The stock still appears to be more of a short sale than a buy.

Wabasso Cotton

SOME YEARS AGO *I bought a few shares of Wabasso Cotton at a price approximating current quotations. I would value any information as to this stock, as well as an expression of your opinion as to the continued payment of dividends and probable long range appreciation in value—L.J.F., Westmount, Que.*

The balance sheet for the year ending May 2, 1953 reflects the recession the textile business as a whole has been enduring. Net earnings of $358,748 just covered the dividend requirements of $349,515. Working capital of $2,825,639 showed a slight decrease from the previous year and did not quite cover inventory of $2,984,036. Inventory in excess of working capital is not considered a too healthy indication of business.

As surplus textile production is a worldwide condition, which apparently will be chronic for some time to come, we cannot see, at this time, any great improvement in textile earnings. If this is correct, some doubts must be entertained as to the stability of the present dividend rate. Should earnings recede further the dividend could revert to the 80 cent per share rate that prevailed from 1942 to 1948.

Thus the stock appears fully priced and not too attractive for a long term holding despite the present yield of 7%.

In Brief

CAN YOU *give me any information on Shawkey Gold Mines? Is there any possibility of the mine re-opening?—G.A.R., Mount Royal, Que.*

At the annual meeting, held recently, the president stated the directors could not see any hope of reopening the mine under present conditions.

I HAVE *recently purchased some shares of Bibis Yukon. I would appreciate your opinion as to whether I should purchase more or sell at the present price.—J.C., Windsor.*

Sell it.

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion on the Goldale Mine. Is the company active in exploration?—E.J.H., Peterborough, Ont.*

The company plans to resume prospecting in an attempt to discover a new mine this year. No progress was reported for last year. At the present price of 41 cents the stock does not appear to be an attractive buy.

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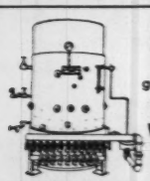

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BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 100

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Forty cents (40c) per Share on Class "A" Shares has been declared for the three months ending 30th June, 1953, payable by cheque dated 15th July, 1953, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on 30th June, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
28th May, 1953.

By Appointment
Gin Distillers to the late King George VI
Booth's Distilleries Limited

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS Finest DRY GIN

Definitely Superior!

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND

92-E

Ashley & Crippen

L. STUART MACKERSY: Travel broadens the mind.

Who's Who in Business

THERE ARE few more ardent supporters of greater immigration than Canada's banks. And this is natural, because the growth of a country's population inevitably means an increase in its attainable resources and greater prosperity for all.

In the opinion of Lindsay Stuart Mackersy, "one of Canada's greatest needs is a further increase in population through immigration; and (this bank's) continued expansion offers many opportunities for promotion to young men with foresight of the future who are willing to devote their talent and energy to the service of the Bank."

At the time he made this statement to the Imperial Bank of Canada's annual meeting last Fall, foresighted Stuart Mackersy, who had been the bank's general manager for two and a half years, had recently become its Vice-President. This year, at 61, he was made President. Like most of his fellow executives, he has given the bank most of his working life.

He also has a personal knowledge of immigration, having come to Canada in 1911 from his native Edinburgh, where he had been articled to his solicitor father. He arrived in Toronto, presented a letter of introduction at the Imperial Bank, was hired and packed off West as a $10-a-week junior—all within half a day. "I didn't even have time to unpack," he recalls cheerfully, "and I've been a great believer in travel for broadening the mind ever since."

His mind and his girth (he's now a comfortable 210 pounds, 5 ft. 10 ins. tall) have continued to expand with travel and the passing of the years. He served the Imperial Bank in Vancouver, Nelson, Edmonton and Winnipeg. He was General Manager in Winnipeg when he was transferred to the post of General Supervisor in Toronto in 1943.

It is his policy to travel across the country, visiting the 232 branches and meeting as many of the 3,000 employees as possible, every two years. He spends his vacation on the move, driving his green Mercury car great distances across Eastern Canada, pausing for fishing trips and rounds of golf (18 handicap).

The people he meets in a working day will range from the manufacturer who talks in millions to the occasional $2.00 depositor who *insists* on seeing the President. He makes decisions swiftly, sitting calmly in his panelled office, pausing frequently, when his pipe goes out, to strike matches on the rough underside of his mahogany desk.

When the First World War broke out, the Scots-born banker felt the call of home. He went back, took a commission in the army and rose to Major's rank, returning to Canada in 1919 with a wife who had taken little persuading that Canada was the country offering a young couple the brightest future. They have three daughters — Monica, married to an accountant; Joan, secretary in an advertising agency; and Anne, studying at McGill University.

His war service also won him the Military Cross, but he doesn't talk about that.

JOHN WILCOCK

BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

CUMULATIVE REDEEMABLE PREFERRED SHARES

NOTICE is hereby given that the Board of Directors has declared the following dividends for the three months ending 30th June, 1953.

4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 25, $1.00 per share, payable on 2nd July, 1953. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 25 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

4¾% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 19, $1.19 per share, payable on 2nd July, 1953. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 19 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

5% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No .3, $0.63 per share, payable on 2nd July, 1953. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 3 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.
J. K. BRICE,
Secretary

Vancouver, B.C.
28th May, 1953.

THE CONSOLIDATED MINING AND SMELTING COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

Dividend No. 96

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of Forty cents (40c) per share, and an extra distribution of Twenty cents (20c) per share, on the paid up Capital Stock of the Company, have this day been declared for the six months ending the 30th day of June, 1953, payable on the 15th day of July, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 18th day of June, 1953.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.
L. O. REID,
Secretary.

Montreal, P.Q.,
June 5th, 1953.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Dividend No. 266

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST day of AUGUST next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th June 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Toronto, 29th May 1953

Safety Seal
ENVELOPES
We make envelopes for every need — write and tell us your requirements.
NATIONAL PAPER GOODS
LIMITED

HAMILTON — ONTARIO
Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver

City Within a City

IT IS conceivably possible for a human being to be born, lead a normal and full life, celebrate a 100th birthday, and finally die, without once going outside Chicago's Merchandise Mart.

This same hypothetical person would never need to wear the same type or article of clothing more than once, and could meet a new individual every day for his century of life without ever meeting the person a second time—all without leaving the confines of the world's largest commercial building. And he could live in the most up-to-date setting during each of his many days, and not have to sit, stand or lie on any piece of furniture, rug or bed a second time.

Presuming this person liked exercise, he could walk 7½ miles per day, just down corridors, without once retracing his steps, and would have the variety of having his meals served in a different restaurant for eleven consecutive days.

A city-within-a-city, with a daily working population of more than 20,000 persons, where more than a half-million buying visits are made annually, The Mart is one of the most amazing man-made structures in the world. Within its 93 acres of space are gathered 1,200,000 sample one-of-a-kind items, ranging from nylons to refrigerators, and wash cloths to breakfronts. An indication of The Mart's commercial importance is found in the fact that resident and visiting merchants transact enough business there daily to support comfortably a city the size of Terre Haute, Indiana, Fresno, California, or Atlantic City.

It was on February 8, 1929, that James Simpson, former president of Marshall Field & Company, signed a contract with John Griffiths & Company, for the construction of The Merchandise Mart. It was built at an approximate cost of $32,000,000, and was the dream, come true, of many foresighted merchandising men. They saw the need for a general merchandising center to parallel Detroit in the automobile field and Wall Street in the banking and investment business. The site for the structure was the north bank of the Chicago River, at the approximate site which La Salle, who first explored the Great Lakes region, called "The Gateway to an Empire."

An average of 2,000 men of all the building crafts were kept at work during the construction phases, and on May 1, 1930, The Merchandise Mart was officially opened. At the time of the building's construction, it was estimated by financial authorities, that total annual sales within The Mart would probably approach $500 million. Today, conservative estimates place total sales volume within one year at four times that much!

Erection of the building required materials which would stagger the imagination of the pioneers who built the first trading posts of logs and stuffed the cracks with moss and clay —54,000 tons of steel, 20,000,000 bricks, 60 miles of plumbing, 380 miles of wiring, 3,915,000 cubic feet of concrete, 200,000 cubic feet of stone, 6,500 windows using 132,000 square feet of glass, 35 miles of pipe for heating, 40,000 lighting fixtures, 5 million feet of lumber, 9 million feet of steel reinforcing wire for floors, 142 miles of piping for sprinklers, 70,000 sprinkler heads, and 7,000 tons of granite.

What's even more amazing is that the structure does not rest directly on the ground! Actually, it is a building built on stilts, because The Merchandise Mart is constructed on "air rights," and owns only the ground into which 458 supporting caissons were sunk 100 feet below street level.

Out-of-town visitors soon learn that The Mart is a building for wholesale business only. No vast stocks of goods are stored here — merely the samples of the newest and finest products of some 1,000 tenant firms. They are displayed in showrooms that have cost as much as $250,000 each to design and decorate.

A recent report released by Wallace O. Ollman, general manager of The Mart, showed that of the original tenants who opened their showrooms in 1930, slightly more than 83% are still around. This is understandable, because The Mart is a very unusual landlord, in that it actually helps the tenants to pay the rent. This is made possible by the more than $300,000 which is spent annually by the building just for the promotional benefit of its many tenants.

Although the major space in the building is alloted to display rooms, outstanding corporations also maintain general offices here on just a part of a single floor. These include The Pullman Company, Quaker Oats, U.S. Rubber, the Norge Division of Borge-Warner, Dearborn Chemical, and Westinghouse, whose offices have cost as much as $700,000 to design and construct.

AS PART of its internal transportation, The Merchandising Mart is serviced by 26 passenger and nine freight elevators. They travel in excess of 2,000 miles each week, and carry up to 80,000 persons each day.

Postmen attached to The Merchandise Mart post office branch, which serves the building exclusively, never worry about the weather, for they never leave the building as they deliver upwards of 38,000 pieces of mail and 800 parcel post packages.

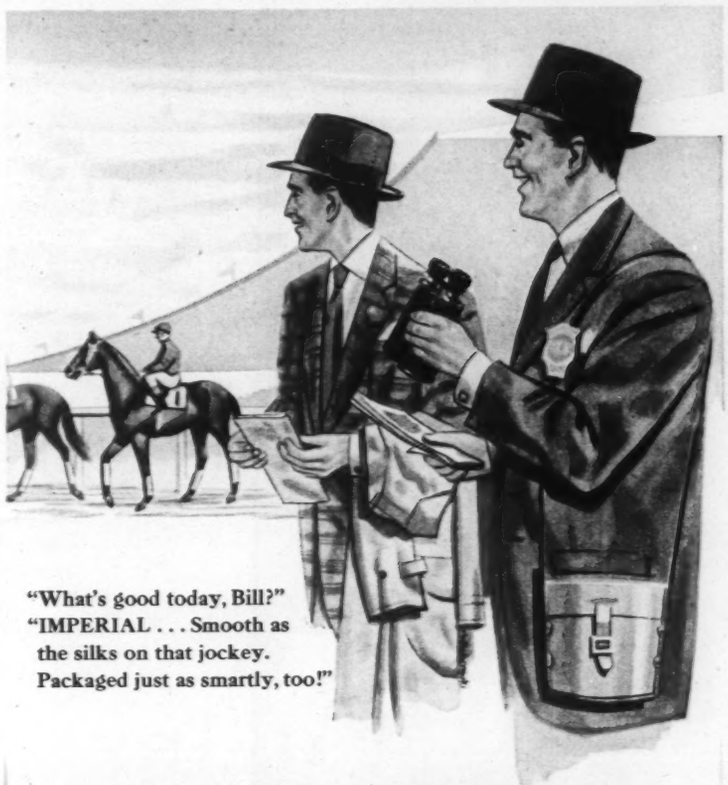
In a structure as big as The Mart, housekeeping is a complicated and never-ending task that goes on 24 hours a day. Approximately 300 persons are employed in the operating and maintenance department, aside from the administrative and executive staff of sixty people. With a budget exceeding $1,500,000 annually, this force keeps the building spotlessly clean. Painting and remodeling is continuous, and some 30,000 gallons of paint are used yearly, in addition to a carload of water soluble paint.

Last summer, the building's executive staff did some adding up. It found that the bill for laundering only the cloth towels in its washrooms came to just under $25,000 a year.

To a first-time visitor to The Mart, it would seem that the information desk, located near the main entrance of the building, is even more crowded than Union Station on the Friday preceding Labor Day. This could be expected at an information desk, except for the fact that few of the standees are actually asking for information. It seems that the information desk is by unwritten law the official meeting place for all non-inhabitants of the building, since few relish the thought of entering the labyrinth of corridors without a native guide.

The aforementioned hypothetical person who would be born to live an indoor existence in this Colossus of Chicago, would face one drawback at the end of his 100th year of life. He would have to look elsewhere for burial. The city-within-a-city, The Merchandise Mart, has never made any provisions for undertaking facilities.

MERRILL R. SWARTZ



"What's good today, Bill?"
"IMPERIAL . . . Smooth as the silks on that jockey. Packaged just as smartly, too!"

IMPERIAL

Canadian Whisky

Mature and Mellow
...it's smoother than ever
Look for it in the new
DECANTER BOTTLE

Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited

DISTILLERS OF THE FAMOUS "Canadian Club" WHISKY

Ballantine's
FINEST
SCOTCH WHISKY
Bottled IN Scotland
The whisky that made
"Scotch"
a tradition
IDENTIFIED FOR OVER A CENTURY
BY THE FAMILIAR SQUARE PACKAGE
BEARING THIS SIGNATURE
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
GLASGOW SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1827

JOHN Collins
& Company
LONDON
DRY GIN
FAMOUS OLD ENGLISH FORMULA
John Collins & Company
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN BOND BY
GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED
TORONTO-CANADA
THE GOOD OLD
SUMMERTIME
... and what goes better
in the good old summer
time than a long, cool
Collins... made just right.
For perfection always use
Collins London Dry Gin.
A PRODUCT OF G&W Canada's Oldest Distillery
ESTABLISHED 1832

Insurance

Fine Arts

FROM AN insurance man's viewpoint, fine arts are where he finds them; and they turn up surprisingly often in homes lacking affluence.

The country's rarities — paintings, old prints, antique furniture, period bric-a-brac and so on—are a long way from being sequestered in the halls of wealth. It is an exceptional Canadian family that does not harbor a treasure of some kind qualifying (at least in insurance circles) as Fine Art.

It is well understood by those whose circumstances have permitted them to indulge a serious collector's fancy, that works of art require appropriate insurance covering. It is not so well known to the non-collector what (for insurance purposes) is held to constitute "Fine Arts", and what is the protection afforded such items by a Fine Arts Floater.

Ownership of a Krieghoff, Gissing, W. J. Phillips or Sherriff Scott painting obviously calls for Fine Arts insurance protection. In the case of such well-authenticated collectors' items, valuation offers little difficulty. There is an avid market for Canadian art. And because the Fine Arts Floater is a *valued form* of policy, it is required that insurance be written to cover 100% of each item's agreed valuation, separately scheduled, at the time the contract becomes effective.

But the term "Fine Arts" is held to embrace a great assortment of household goods, apart from paintings. Etchings, tapestries, rugs, statuary, marbles, bronzes, antique furniture, manuscripts and books, antique silver (as opposed to "ordinary" silverware), porcelains and glass, *inter alia*, "of rarity, historical value or artistic merit only may be insured as Fine Arts."

All sorts of curiosities crop up in the records of an insurance company's Fine Arts department that defy any orthodox yardstick for valuation. For example, a West Coast man sets great store by a finely wrought fragment of what was once a silver drinking vessel, alleged to be part of the Chalice of Antioch. What is its value?

An Ontario medical practitioner prizes another silver drinking cup, an out-sized one all in one piece, from medieval times, said to be one of the tankards from which Henry VIII did some of his renowned quaffing. What is its value?

There is an elderly man on the prairies whose lifetime has been enthusiastically devoted to what looks like a burdensome, snowballing sort of hobby: he collects old newspapers and magazines of every kind from everywhere—for their ultimate "backflash" newsworthiness. The value of all his carefully indexed tons of newsprint is estimated by the owner to be $25,000. How about that?

An insurance company wrote a Fine Arts policy on the old newspapers for $25,000. The chunk of Chalice and Henry VIII's wassail mug had the same broad coverage extended to them *at valuations set by their owners,* agreed to beforehand by the insurance companies concerned!

The theory behind such acceptance of purely arbitrary valuation of treasures by insurance companies is an interesting one. Confirmed collectors of anything—from Indian pipes and postage stamps to Old Masters—are considered from the viewpoint of moral hazard. In other words, they are so much the captives of their hobbyism that any idea of harm befalling their collections is utterly repugnant. Single item "collectors" — like the good doctor with his fifteenth century stein — are acknowledged to be equally good moral risks.

Should fire, the elements or predators threaten, it is a hundred to one that the Chalice, Henry VIII quart pot—or Great Aunt Josie's stuffed passenger pigeon, insured for $200—will be removed to a place of safety ahead of other effects, and escape unscathed.

Therefore insurance companies are far from being "sticky" about valuation of historic or exceptional doodads lacking clear-cut established value that rate as Fine Arts. They underwrite the risk almost solely on consideration of the object's ownership.

Fine Arts insurance covers the scheduled articles against just about every conceivable peril (war risk is the notable exclusion) and costs surprisingly little. For articles that are neither fragile nor brittle, $4 premium per $1,000, over and above the location fire contents rate, is the usual tab for schedules valued up to $10,000. Amounts in excess of that figure command a substantially lower "fine arts" premium. For cover against breakage, where fragile items *(e.g.,* porcelain) are involved, policy cost would be about doubled.

G. L. PRATT

•

Duplicate Wills

Many ultra-cautious people, when setting their affairs in order, make a duplicate copy of their will, and sign it. But while it may be true that where there's a will there's a way to settle the estate with comparative speed and ease, experience has proved over and over that where there are two wills there's a wait.

The Canada Trust Company, in its monthly bulletin, cites a case of a woman who insisted on signing both copies of her will as a precaution against loss; she kept the ribbon copy and handed the duplicate over to her lawyer. Now the woman is dead, the original copy cannot be found, and the question arises whether it was deliberately destroyed (thus revoking its terms) or whether it is still sound, but unfound.

Meanwhile, the Company holds the estate in trust and the children wrangle over its disposal.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

But some critics contend that even if we had such a central banking institution, it would be difficult to control credit in Canada for two reasons. In the first place we have no money market, such as develops in an advanced country which has surplus capital for international lending . . . In the second place, it is said that in Canada we lack an adequate supply of short-dated, highly liquid, non-fluctuating securities to which a Central Bank must largely confine its operations if it is to maintain the requisite degree of liquidity and consequently of public confidence."

Most of the commercial bankers opposed the establishment of the central bank. They believed, and had experience to justify their claims, that they were capable of meeting all public banking requirements without putting themselves and the country to the expense of another institution. However, official views prevailed and Canada got a central bank whose performance has been pretty much in line with those views. It has been a party to the Federal Government's financial measures, at times inflationary, but in the last three years more or less deflationary. It has of course made its mistakes, but on the other hand it has put restraint on some unsound practices, such as the excessive crediting for instalment buying and inventory accumulations in 1950. Generally, its policies and operations have been quite conventional, more in line with those of the Bank of England than of any other central bank outside Canada, and it can take some credit for keeping this country's financial structure in comparatively good condition.

It has been more free with public announcements than its contemporaries. It publishes its financial position weekly and issues an annual report that is a model of concise and valuable economic data. Indeed, it has such an efficient research department that it can gauge economic trends here and abroad quickly and quite accurately. It cooperates with the commercial banks, perhaps more closely than in its infancy, when at times it seemed that it might be assuming a rather dictatorial attitude. This cooperation on both sides has been best for the country.

In conclusion, it might be noted that the Bank of Canada is a big money maker, as money making goes in banking. Its profit last year was $29 million, much more proportionately than that of the entire commercial banking system, which did most of the work for the general public. The central bank's profit, however, is for the most part transferred to the Consolidated Revenue Fund of the Federal Government, which of course disposes of it as that authority sees fit.

•

The Electric Storage Battery Co. of Philadelphia has devised a battery which, it says, has outlasted two cars and now is working actively in a third. Secret of this apparent revolution in the life expectancy of car batteries is attributed to the addition of minute quantities of silver to the ordinary lead used in making the battery plates.

THE WABASSO COTTON COMPANY LIMITED

ANNUAL REPORT

DIRECTORS

C. R. WHITEHEAD, President
NORMAN J. DAWES, Vice-President
HON. P. H. BOUFFARD, Q.C. HUGH MACKAY
W. TAYLOR-BAILEY O. B. THORNTON, O.B.E. W. J. WHITEHEAD

DIRECTORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

GENTLEMEN:

The financial position of the Company at 2nd May, 1953, and the results from the operations for the year ended that date are shown by the accompanying Financial Statements.

Profits for the year as shown in the Profit and Loss Account amounted to $358,748.31 and compare with profits last year of $433,690.17. This reflects the continuing difficulty the industry as a whole is experiencing.

The Company's plants are operating efficiently, machinery and equipment are, as far as practical, being kept up to date and adequate provision has been made for depreciation and obsolescence.

The continued effort and faithful service rendered by the Company's officers, staff and employees is greatly appreciated by the Directors.

Submitted on behalf of the Board of Directors,

(Signed) C. R. WHITEHEAD,
President.

THREE RIVERS, QUE., 21st May, 1953.

BALANCE SHEET
AS AT 2nd MAY, 1953

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS:		
Cash on Hand and in Banks	$ 26,625.83	
Government of Canada and Provincial Bonds with interest accrued—less reserve (Approximate Market Value $2,096,432.91)	2,068,352.91	
Accounts and Bills Receivable, less reserves	1,247,691.53	
Inventories as determined and certified by the Management—Raw Cotton partly manufactured and manufactured stock, at cost or market value whichever is the lower, less reserves Supplies and Chemicals at average cost and not over replacement value	2,984,036.33	$ 6,326,706.60
PROPERTY		
Real Estate, Buildings, Plant, Machinery, etc. at cost, less amounts written off	16,995,975.53	
Less: Depreciation and Obsolescence provided	12,492,701.47	4,503,374.06
INVESTMENTS		
Wholly Owned Subsidiary Companies (Estimated Realizable Value as of this date $1,004,934.40)		222,160.26
DEFERRED CHARGES		
Unexpired Insurance, Prepaid Taxes, etc.		141,061.23
		$11,193,202.15

LIABILITIES

CURRENT LIABILITIES:		
Accounts and Bills Payable	$ 524,281.42	
Bank Loans—secured	2,083,000.00	
Operating Expenses and Accrued Wages	337,463.90	
Provision for Municipal and other taxes	346,809.52	
Debenture Interest Accrued	9,512.33	
3½% Debentures due 1st March, 1954	200,000.00	$ 3,501,067.17
DEFERRED LIABILITIES		
For Machinery and Equipment Purchases		112,000.83
DEBENTURES		
Authorized	$ 5,000,000.00	
Issued—		
Series "A" 3½% Serial Debentures	$ 2,000,000.00	
Less: Debentures matured and maturing 1st March, 1954	600,000.00	
Balance due $200,000.00 annually 1st March 1955 to 1961 inclusive		1,400,000.00
PROVISION FOR RESEARCH, PLANT IMPROVEMENTS AND CONTINGENCIES		1,000,000.00
PROVISION FOR INCREASED COST OF REPLACING FIXED ASSETS		658,223.91
CAPITAL STOCK		
Authorized—		
525,000 shares of No Par Value		
Issued—		
349,515 shares full paid		2,000,000.00
UNDISTRIBUTED INCOME — REINVESTED IN THE BUSINESS		
Balance as at 2nd May 1953		2,521,910.24
		$11,193,202.15

Signed on behalf of the Board,
(Signed) C. R. WHITEHEAD, Director.
NORMAN J. DAWES, Director.
MONTREAL, 20th May, 1953

Verified as per our report of this date.
(Signed) RIDDELL, STEAD, GRAHAM & HUTCHISON, Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

THE WABASSO COTTON COMPANY, LIMITED

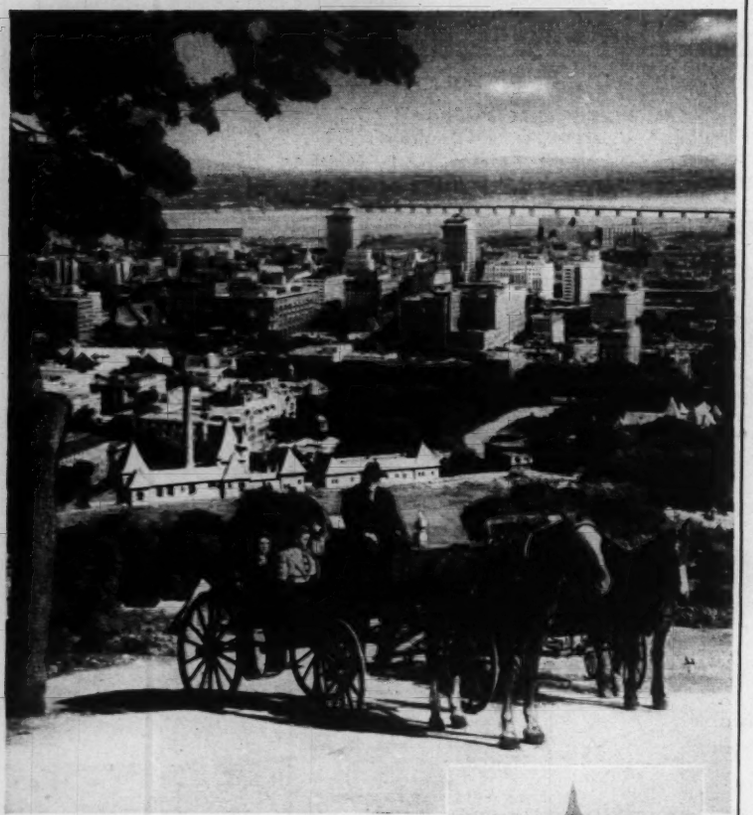
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT
For the year ended 2nd May, 1953

Profit for the year ended 2nd May 1953 before providing for the undernoted items		$1,375,177.38
Transfer from Inventory Reserve		160,000.00
Revenue from Investments		65,840.76
		1,601,018.14
Depreciation on Property and Plant	$ 820,118.26	
Debenture Interest	61,638.36	
Directors' Fees	6,280.00	
Legal Fees	16,273.51	
Executive Salaries	57,959.70	
Provision for Government Taxes	280,000.00	1,242,269.83
Balance transferred to Undistributed Income		$358,748.31

UNDISTRIBUTED INCOME — REINVESTED IN THE BUSINESS
As at 2nd May, 1953

Balance at credit 3rd May, 1952	$ 2,555,170.77
Deduct: Adjustment affecting prior years	42,493.84
	2,512,676.93
Add: Balance as per Profit and Loss Account for the year ended 2nd May 1953	358,748.31
	2,871,425.24
Deduct: Dividends paid	349,515.00
	$2,521,910.24

Visit Canada's
Colorful Cities



Canada has many colorful, exciting cities that are fun to visit. You'll enjoy seeing cosmopolitan Montreal (above), Ottawa, Canada's Capital, Toronto (home of the world's greatest annual fair), Niagara Falls, romantic Quebec, the great seaports of Halifax and Saint John, historic Charlottetown, and St. John's, Newfoundland, oldest city on the continent. Full details from any Canadian National office. "We'll tell you where and take you there".

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

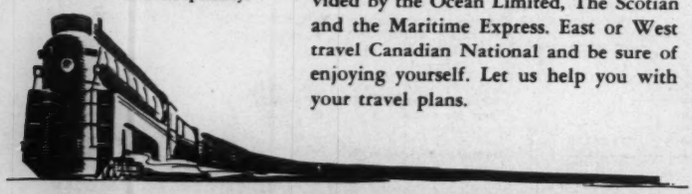
THE ONLY RAILWAY SERVING ALL TEN PROVINCES

see Canada and see it by

Canadian National

EDMONTON, Alberta's capital is a bustling, thriving, exciting place to visit and the Macdonald Hotel (above) offers the finest accommodation and hospitality.

Ride in comfort on Canadian National's name trains. The Continental Limited serves Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Minaki, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Jasper and Vancouver offering a wide choice of accommodations, excellent dining car meals. Between Montreal and Halifax fast, dependable service is provided by the Ocean Limited, The Scotian and the Maritime Express. East or West travel Canadian National and be sure of enjoying yourself. Let us help you with your travel plans.



Travel

Party Visit

FOUR *persons here would like to visit Europe but do not want to travel with a conducted party, although they would like all reservations made in advance, and also have some idea of the cost.—A. L. G., Montreal.*

Select a reputable travel agency, which will prepare a suggested itinerary and estimate, covering travel costs, hotel accommodations, meals, sight seeing by private car and guide or organized Motor Coach Excursions. The trip can be tailor-made to your own specification, all reservations made in advance; you will be met upon arrival in each city and transferred to your hotel, in effect, a private party with practically all the advantages of group travel.

Travel Documents

WHAT TRAVEL *documents are required for European travel? — H. G., Toronto.*

A Canadian citizen may now visit most European countries with a valid passport, and a vaccination certificate indicating smallpox vaccination within three years before the date of re-entry into Canada.

A special consular visa is still required for Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia and countries within the Communist orbit. Government regulations change from time to time, and this important matter should always be discussed with your travel agent at the inception of your arrangements.

Steamship Fares

WHAT *are the classes of travel and steamship fares from Canada to England?—F. E., Saskatoon.*

The steamers in service from Montreal and Quebec to British ports carry passengers in First Class at minimum rates from $200 to $246, and Tourist Class at minimum rates from $140 to $156. The fares quoted are for single passage in each direction, as there are no special round trip rates by steamer.

Santa Barbara Fiesta

I AM *making a holiday visit to California this Summer. I have heard that one of the most pleasant festivals is at Santa Barbara. Can you tell me when it is held, and something about it?—J.P., Toronto.*

The annual "Old Spanish Days Fiesta" in Santa Barbara will be held this year during the week-end of the full August moon, August 19 to 22, according to the area's All-Year Club.

Santa Barbara was the social capital of Spanish California, and it was here that the Spanish Dons gathered to relax from their work of building a Spanish Empire.

The Fiesta begins, officially, Wednesday evening, when the bells of the Santa Barbara Mission toll a summons to the people. The Santa Barbara Mission was the "Cathedral" of all the California missions. Its altar light has burned continuously since Padre Junipero Serra first consecrated it in 1786.

For three days, everyone dresses in the gay costumes of old Spain: laces, mantillas, serapes and sombreros. Spanish dancers, actors, singers and musicians perform continuously in the streets.

California Tour

CAN WE *visit California and Yosemite Park in a two weeks' period?—D. C. S., London, Ont.*

Thos. Cook & Son, have several attractive all expense conducted tours to California at regular intervals during the summer months. One very popular tour, embracing the Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Yosemite Park is only $290. This rate includes first class hotel accommodation, but coach-rail service with reclining seats for day and night travel. The cost of a similar two-weeks tour with Pullman lower berth for night travel is $470.

Travel Guide

CAN YOU *recommend a good travel guide which contains some good, hard facts for the traveller instead of just descriptions of places?—F.E.S., Calgary.*

An excellent travel guide is "New Horizons," published by Pan American World Airways. A revised edition is now available for $1 a copy. The guide has already sold 130,000 copies since it was first published in 1950. It contains 13,501 facts about what to see, do, wear and take home from over 900 places on six continents.

Crusaders' Castles

SOME YEARS AGO *friends of mine on a Mediterranean trip visited Lebanon and told me it was most interesting. Can you tell me what the situation is for a prospective visitor today?—O. A., Vancouver.*

There is a wide variety of tours in the Lebanon. These range from one to five days and include Crusaders' castles, desert oases, seaside resorts and mountain inns.

Beirut, headquarters for ninety per cent of the visitors, has six first-class hotels which are comfortable, modern and reasonable; a room with bath and meals costs between $7 and $10 a day. However, space is in great demand and confirmed advanced reservations are advisable. Good food is plentiful, and the Arab dishes of lamb, fowl, rice and dried fruits are excellent if eaten in reliable places.

Women

Eric Skipsey

BETTY PHILLIPS, Canadian star of Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars.

Conversation Pieces:

A PRECEDENT has been established. For the first time, a woman has been appointed a First Secretary by the Department of External Affairs. She is Halifax-born Margaret Meagher; her post, Canada House, London, England.

Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars opens next Monday with *Kiss Me, Kate*, the strenuous musical based on Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*. Vancouver's own soprano, Betty Phillips, will play Kate.

New Presidents: Mrs. Chauncey Pattee, the Junior League of Montreal; Mrs. Kathleen Drope, of Toronto, national IODE. Re-elected: Mrs. J. R. Surtees, Regina Arts and Crafts Society; Mrs. Philip Maron, Jewish Junior Welfare League of Montreal; Kay (Mrs. James) Nairn, Toronto Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club; Marion Myers, Women's Canadian Club of Saint John, NB.

Vancouver musical circles are going to have a strong feminine influence next year. New President of the Vancouver Symphony Society is Mrs. H. R. Malkin; and heading the Women's Committee is Mrs. Fred H. Russell.

Movie bait: a blurb outside a Montreal movie advertised "the clutch-and-kill girl."

Weddings: Sheila Ann Smith, of Vancouver, only granddaughter of the late Senator E. D. Smith, to John Lavelle, of Toronto; Joan Elizabeth Salter, of Toronto, to Stanley Theodore Bain, of Vancouver; Anne Carew of Lindsay, Ont., niece of Premier and Mrs. Leslie Frost, to William Edward Boothe, of Toronto; Susan Margaret Elizabeth MacKenzie, daughter of the President of the University of British Columbia, to Trevor Frederick Roote, of Vancouver.

Winner of the Leacock Medal for Humor, Lawrence Earl, is not the only writing Earl. His wife is Jane Armstrong, London (England) correspondent for the Toronto *Telegram;* and his sister is Marjorie Earl, onetime Toronto *Daily Star* reporter and now a free lance writer in Europe.

Marion Scribner, of Fillmore, Sask., has been awarded a fellowship to the University of London. At the age of 24, she was Canada's first woman school superintendent. At present she is with the Saskatchewan department of education.

It could only happen in New York: zippered hot dogs.

Next Tuesday, Vancouver will honor its Good Citizen for 1953, at a dinner. She is Mrs. E. G. Shane, a Vancouver citizen for 53 years, and active in several philanthropic and cultural groups, being especially interested in the free cancer dressing stations run by the Order of the Eastern Star.

"I never design clothes for any particular type of woman," says Schiaparelli. "I design clothes I would like to wear myself." Perhaps much of her success is due to the fact she is a true cosmopolitan. Her mother was of Italian, Scottish and Egyptian stock.

Women in the news: Marie McPhedran, winner of the Governor-General's "juvenile" award, was born and educated in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., specialized in modern history at the University of Toronto and taught school briefly. Hilda Neatby, who received an honorary degree from the University of Toronto, is a professor of history at the University of Saskatchewan and was the only woman member of the Massey Commission.

Straw is definitely this summer's fashion. Paris reports straw in belts, bags, collars and gloves. One fashion house has sewn and shaped straw braid into a bolero, to wear with afternoon or evening dress. Dresses are sporting flaring high straw collars.

What makes them all like Tampax?

Take Nancy. The outdoor type. Always ready for any sport, from cycling to tennis, no matter what time of the month it is. Even goes in swimming on "those days." How does she do it? With Tampax, the *internal* kind of monthly sanitary protection. Tampax does away with chafing and irritation; is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place.

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MRS. A. TURNER BONE, *of Montreal, President of the National Council of Women. Toronto-born, she has lived in the West; is a graduate in economics from McGill; is interested in art and music.*

Photo by Posen

MEMBERS *of the National Executive: (l to r) Mrs. W. A. Graham (Treas.), of Smiths Falls, Ont.; Mrs. L. H. Meng (Corr. Sec.), of Ottawa; Esther Kerry (Vice-Pres.), of Montreal; Mrs. F. E. Underhill (Vice-Pres.), of London.*

FRANCES I. MCKAY, *of Winnipeg, President of Manitoba Provincial. Descendant of the Selkirk settlers, she was born in Kildonan; graduated in Home Economics from the University of Manitoba; is Director, Women's Work, Manitoba Department of Agriculture.*

Photo by Karsh

MRS. GORDON KERR, *of Windsor, Ont., President of Ontario Provincial. Windsor-born, she has served on the Windsor Board of Education; is on the Public Library Board; for 20 years has directed piano and violin classes in the Public Schools.*

National Council of Women

SIXTY years ago, 16 Canadian delegates returned from a meeting of the International Council of Women at Chicago. Lady Aberdeen, whose husband was the newly appointed Governor-General of Canada, had been elected President. Immediately, the Canadian women set about forming their own national organization. They asked Her Excellency to be their President, too.

In her Journal, Lady Aberdeen wrote: "Thus the National Council of Women of Canada was brought into existence by a resolution. It is wonderful to see the desire and readiness of the women here for some such movement, and awe-inspiring to find it ready to my hand—work to which no one can take exception, as it combines all sections of thought. The high level of proceedings has been quite a revelation to the women themselves; and the really influential and nice ones have taken it up."—(From *A Bonnie Fechter*, Clarke Irwin.)

Lady Aberdeen was no passive figurehead. Wherever she and the Earl of Aberdeen went officially, she formed a local Council. Of the first annual convention in Ottawa, in 1894, she wrote: "It has really surprised us all by its success. Sir John Thompson came away from an important debate at the House to make a charming speech—and without the usual flippant note so common on such occasions—to what he called the first Parliament of women, which in two days had considered intelligently 21 subjects, while its brother Parliament had been arguing so much longer over one matter."

Before her departure from Canada in 1898, Lady Aberdeen and the National Council had instigated many far-reaching social, educational and health improvements: manual and domestic training in schools; women inspectors in factories; unemployment boards; reforms in the care of immigrants, the aged, the infirm and prisoners; health clinics for mothers; and the Victorian Order of Nurses. The latter was the result of a Vancouver Council resolution, asking for more medical and nursing aid, and a Halifax suggestion that some gift be offered Queen Victoria for her Diamond Jubilee. Lady Aberdeen put the two together.

In the years since, the National Council has kept pace with the social and industrial changes, concerning itself with housing problems, equal pay for equal work, and divorce legislation, among other things.

This week the National Council meets in Winnipeg. A highlight will be the pilgrimage to the International Peace Garden on the U.S.-Canadian border. There a plaque will be unveiled to the memory of Lady Aberdeen, whose untiring work as President of the International Council of Women and of the National Council of Women of Canada helped to unite women the world over, in their attempts to improve social and working conditions.

MRS. W. P. FILLMORE, *President of the Winnipeg Local Council, the hostess organization for the Convention. Mrs. Fillmore represented the National Council of Women at the Coronation.*

MRS. C. W. ROSS, *of Regina, President of Saskatchewan Provincial. Born in Maxville, Ont., she taught in Regina briefly before marriage; was Alderman 1948-50; now on city's community planning committee.*

NOT PRESENT *at the 1953 Convention in Winnipeg: Mrs. Milton F. Gregg, President of the NB Provincial Council; Mrs. H. S. Armstrong, President of the BC Provincial; Mrs. L. J. Quigley, President of the NS Provincial. There are no provincial councils in Alberta, Quebec and Newfoundland.*

• •

Let's Talk It Over

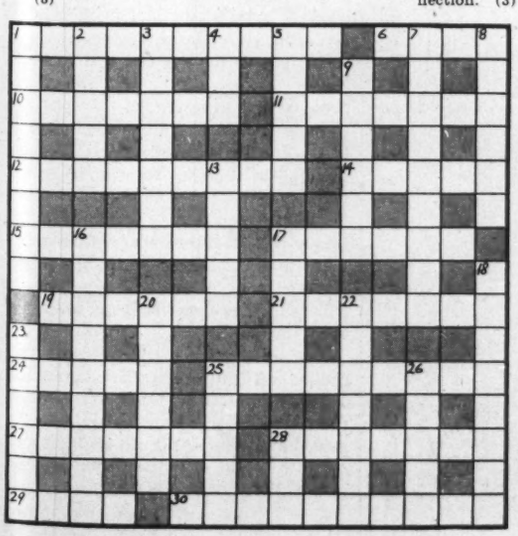
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. Telephone booth? (10)
6. Double-talk? (4)
10. These players filed in out of order. (7)
11. If small talk on a telephone never ends, put a mortgage on it! (7)
12. This necessitates one getting a hanger to put the sheets on. (9)
14. In an Eastern court a seraglio should have no dead wood. (5)
15. They enable one to get close up at the opera. (7)
17. Universal flower? (6)
19. Blows kisses? (6)
21. Is Leonard Brockington a bit rare in this role? (7)
24. She must have had a Lauriepop. (5)
25. A double dose of rum. Bottoms up! It's nothing to us, so keep it quiet! (9)
27. The Scotch know about what's up to scratch where haggis is in the making, perhaps. (7)
28. A hell of a place to get a hair rinse in. (7)
29. Receiving apparatus for a 1 across. (4)
30. The tongue is, for example, and essential to one who acts as one. (10)

DOWN

1. It does when is across indulge in them. (8)
2. A nasty bit of unlawful dealing. (5)
3. He spits his verses out in Greek. (7)
4. A spoiler when spared. (3)
5. It's bound to, when 200 are in our boundaries. (5)
7. Are these ends the ends that a 1 across tries to attain? (9)
8. See 23.
9. Girls who wear glasses, never have them made by men, says Dorothy Parker. (6)
13. One should take shuffling steps to remove them, of course. (5)
16. Does a minx rest on the floor? (9)
17. This man works for his board. (5)
18. Would unusual brains be necessary to make Australian port? (8)
20. Where the nurses charges are small. (6)
21. One gets it hot from a windbag! (3)
22. A short, smart encounter in the washroom? (5-2)
23, 8. A stroll and a chat with a Chinee? (6-6)
25. Go on, man, get the fruit! (5)
26. One may be worth a pound if used as a preventative instead of a restorative. (5)
28. The cat and the fiddle have this connection. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Compare
5. Curtail
9. Man
10. Redhead
11. Pun
12. Earlier
13. Praline
14. Emblems
16. Russian
17. Bridget
20. Facades
23. Trellis
24. Readily
26. Toe 27. Appears
28. Two 29. Big shot
30. Machete

DOWN

1. Compère
2. Manor
3. Airline
4. Endures
5. Cheaper
6. Redcape
7. Amplified
8. Lantern
15. Boiled egg
17. Bath tub
18. Goliath
19. Tosspot 20. Forearm
21. Classic 22. Spyhole
25. Istle

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- A few drops in finger bowls rises to delight with a blue flower floating on the top.
- Touch it to pillow cases to permeate dreams.
- Sprinkle it on billowing cotton curtains to waft its scent inwards with the breeze.
- Use Blue Grass as a rub-down after tennis or golf.
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- Use it on your parasol or fan to scent the atmosphere about you.
- Tuck a piece of Blue Grass-scented cotton in your bra and your body warmth will release the fragrance.
- Use Blue Grass for a cool friction rub for burning feet (refreshing after shopping).
- Sprinkle Blue Grass on pillows and porch furniture.
- A light dab of Blue Grass right on the pretty bows of gift-wrappings makes a present sweet.
- Tuck a bottle of Blue Grass in your car compartment so to be fresh on arrival.
- Splash it under your lawn parasol . . . to make an oasis of fragrance.
- Use Blue Grass for a quick-drying summer hair-set after sunning.

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Elizabeth Arden

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Sea Fugue

Where the blue is the dominant,
  above the rocks' contrabass,
wild is the music
  of wings weaving flight fugue.
The theme is sea statement
  for winds to reply to,
born when the sea and the sky
  and the rock were enough;
when only the sea creatures were,
  and moved with the ebb and the flow
of the tide that was before time.

Wide spread are the white wings
  moving in canon aloft there,
legato, swift soaring crescendo,
  to stoop at the last
in a soft falling cadence
  to the edges a-cling
where surf is percussion
  and wild sing the strings
of the wind.

F. DAVIS

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Food

"I EAT in hotels so much during my concert tours, it's fun to shop and cook when I'm at home in New York," singer Conrad Thibault said, when we met him in Montreal. He was playing his first night club engagement at the Mount Royal's Normandie Room there.

We asked him about his favorite recipe. "Shrimp, done my way," he replied. He did not have a name for the recipe, so we are calling it:

Shrimp à la Thibault
(for two people)

Ingredients: 2 dozen shrimps, chopped celery, Spanish onion, curry powder, three tomatoes, green pepper, salt and pepper. Time: 15 minutes.

Rub skillet with ½ each of oil and butter. Place in it enough chopped celery and Spanish onion to give a flavor, add a pinch of curry powder, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer slowly, to blend well. In another dish, stew 3 fresh tomatoes slowly, with enough chopped little green pepper for flavor, salt and pepper.

When everything is ready, place shrimps in skillet and let them simmer until they just start to turn pink. Then add the stewing tomatoes. Let all come to a pleasant bouquet.

While the shrimps are cooking, cut up some cabbage, like cole slaw. Use a regular wine and vinegar dressing, with salt and pepper and celery seed.

The shrimps and cabbage, said Mr. Thibault, are a complete dinner in themselves, served with dark Italian bread or French bread, and beer, ale or a white wine. But if you crave dessert, he suggests a fresh fruit cup.

While we were at the Normandie Room, we asked Victor, the *Maître d'Hôtel*, for some cooking advice. His suggestion for a "so-so" appetite was:

Entrée: shredded cabbage, thoroughly mixed with mayonnaise and topped with anchovies and slices of hard boiled eggs. Use a tartar sauce.

Main course: chicken à la King, including red and green peppers chopped very fine and mushrooms cooked in white wine before being added.

Dessert: thin pancakes (as for *Crêpes Suzette*), which, after being cooked, have been rolled with jelly in the centre and sliced in fingers.

We got to talking about omelettes. Victor is very firm about them, especially a ham omelette.

Four pans are imperative. In the first, you fry two shredded Spanish onions, in butter, for at least 10 minutes; in the second, fry ½ lb. finely chopped ham, for 5 to 6 minutes. Three good-sized boiled potatoes are sliced for frying in the third, also for 5 or 6 minutes. The fourth pan is for the eggs; beat up four and start the omelette.

Just as it starts to frizzle, pour the onions on top, then the ham, and lastly the potatoes. Cook on, so that the ham and the potatoes sink slowly into the onions. Add salt and pepper.

C'est fini. This omelette should satisfy the hunger of two people.

MARGARET NESS

Lighter Side

Royalty in America

IN MY REPORTING days, I once went down to New York to cover a famous debutante party.

It was the debutante party of the decade. There had been so many advance reports about its size and extravagance that at the last moment the debutante's mother took fright and closed the invitation ring. The order went out that each guest must present his invitation, that each card would admit only one, and that no more cards would be issued.

As a result, I found myself that evening sitting all alone in the balcony that ran around the ball-room, sipping a solitary glass of champagne that did little to raise my spirits. There had been rumors that the party had cost $30,000, and that it would probably develop into an orgy. Anything less of an orgy it is impossible to imagine. The only visible bar was a milk-bar for the younger set, and the younger set was far outnumbered by the middle-aged. Everyone looked very, very rich and overwhelmingly sedate. There wasn't a familiar face in sight.

Then I happened to glance up and saw Douglas Fairbanks Jr. standing near the railing beside me.

He was an elegant figure — so elegant that he made one realize how loosely the term "faultless evening dress" is usually applied. Mr. Fairbanks was really faultless. I must have stared, for he glanced down and smiled the radiant smile which in republics corresponds to a formal wave of the hand from a state-coach. "Good-evening," he said.

"Good-evening," I said, and continued, I'm afraid, to stare. "What a mob!" Mr. Fairbanks said presently, and then quietly dematerialized.

I discussed the affair next morning with a member of the hotel staff. He was in the rather petulant mood customary with people who are left to clean up after the party. "They didn't even have vintage champagne," he said.

This helped to clarify Mr. Fairbanks's attitude in my mind. It didn't make him any more real, however. For the customary illusion that movie-stars don't really exist in the flesh, I had simply substituted the other popular illusion that they not only exist but move about perpetually in faultless evening clothes and probably take vintage champagne at breakfast.

A friend of mine had an even odder experience. She is the wife of a Montreal newspaper man, and one night long after she had gone to bed her husband came in and roused her with the announcement that he had Spencer Tracy in the living-room.

"Have who?" she said.

"Spencer Tracy," her husband said.

"You're tight," his wife said, lying down again.

It took considerable persuasion, but she is an amiable wife and in the end she humored him by getting up and dressing.

"I'll never forget the sensation when I walked into the living-room," she said later, "because it *was* Spencer Tracy."

Experiences of this sort help one to realize how easily, in a republic, the movie-star can substitute for Royalty. Like Royalty, they seem to exist only in the popular imagination, so that their actual appearance in the flesh has the exciting quality of the phantasmal.

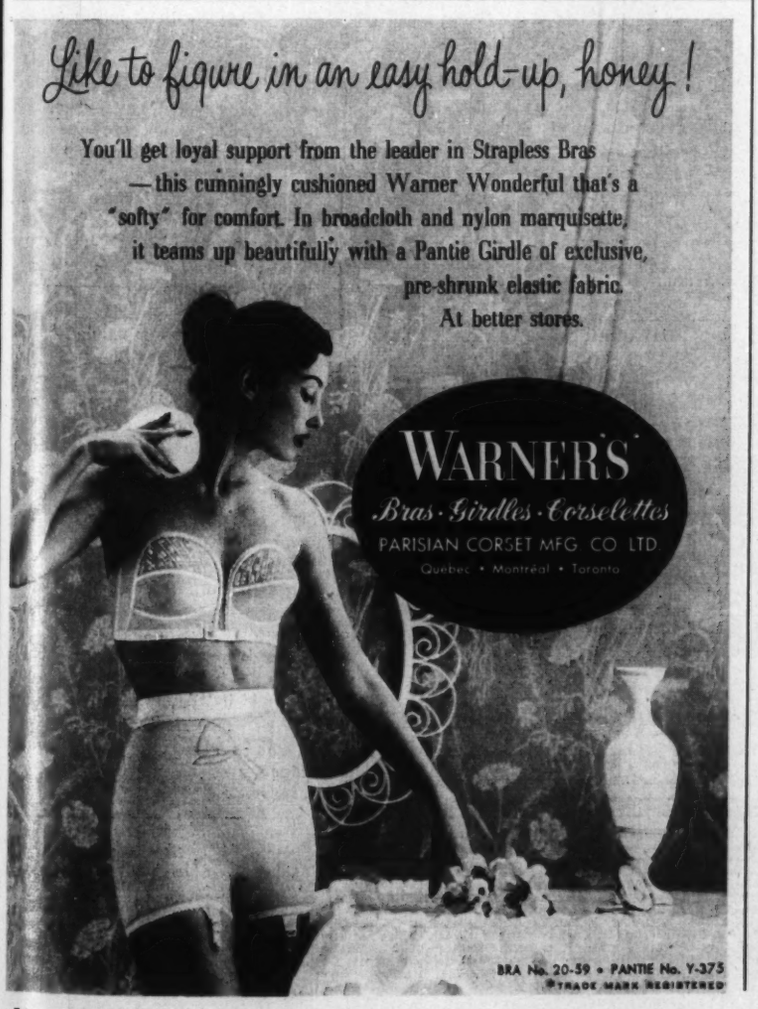
Like Royalty too, they lead a remote and legendary existence, moving in their own special orbit of duties, pleasure and grandeur. When they emerge from it to lend themselves to public appearances, it is the accepted understanding that the appearance is only a loan, their private existence going on undisturbed somewhere else. Society everywhere is honored by their presence, and they have special access to the White House and even, on occasion, to Buckingham Palace. The rest of the world is happy to wait at the curb or press against the police lines, hoping for a glimpse of the magic figure, sparkling with jewellery and wrapped in mutation mink.

They have, besides, their public function. They must perpetually entertain. They must be endlessly gracious, even when the public enthusiasm threatens to carry off their clothes as souvenirs. They must continue to be ageless and beautiful to the farthest possibilities of art, and considerably beyond the probabilities of nature.

The life of Hollywood's Royalty has, to be sure, special disadvantages. While the role of the constitutional monarch is to conform along the lines laid down by tradition through the centuries, the role of the Hollywood queen is to perform, as best she can, along lines laid down yesterday and forgotten tomorrow. Her tenure, though dazzling, is never secure. Anything can topple her—a bad script, an unsympathetic camera-man, a malicious columnist who spreads the rumor that her radiant smile is porcelain capped.

Transitory as she is, however, the movie queen has a value for her society, since she represents many of the qualities that Royalty symbolizes in the popular imagination — beauty, romance, the special magic of inaccessibility. To thousands of Americans, this is royalty in its most logical and acceptable form; so that it seemed quite natural for the Cleveland matron to turn about after watching a television showing of the Coronation, and inquire, "And who is playing the Queen?"

MARY LOWREY ROSS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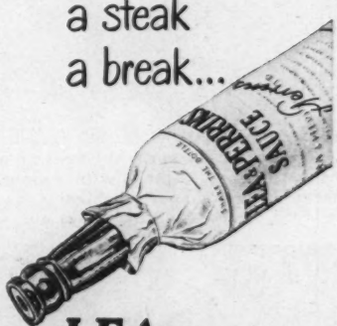

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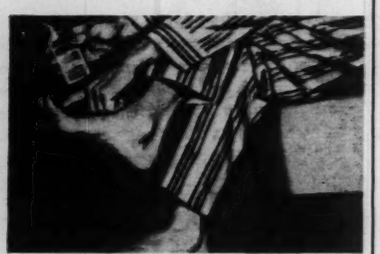
ATHLETE'S FOOT

What it is
How you get it
How to get relief

Athlete's Foot is caused by parasitic micro-organisms. Left untreated, it can burrow under skin tissue, attack nerve endings, lead to disability. Severe case shown here requires doctor's care.

Raw cracks between your toes invite Athlete's Foot—especially in summer. When Athlete's Foot fungi infect, skin reddens, itches painfully, flakes off.



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The Backward Glance

28 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

IN THE ISSUE of SATURDAY NIGHT for June 20, 1925, The Bookshelf was given over to a holiday reading list. The list of new books included some that are still read today and others that have long been forgotten. Among the lasting books that were recommended for the 1925 holiday reader were *So Big* by Edna Ferber, *The Constant Nymph* by Margaret Kennedy, *The Green Hat* by Michael Arlen, *The Painted Veil* by Somerset Maugham, *Arrowsmith* by Sinclair Lewis, *Ariel* by Andre Maurois, and *Greenmantle* by John Buchan.

Under the curious title, "Saved From The Waste-Basket," we are informed that Arthur L. Phelps was engaged at his estate at Bobcaygeon, Ontario, that E. J. Pratt had gone to visit his mother in Newfoundland, and that Mrs. J. W. Thornton of London, Ontario, won the IODE annual $200 prize for a short story. Among the short story also-rans was a relatively unknown young woman who, two years later, was to gain international fame as the author of a novel called *Jalna*—Mazo de la Roche.

Under the heading, "The Factory In The Home," W. Bredin Galbraith wrote about kitchens, and illustrated the piece with two photographs of this most important room, circa 1925. In those days a kitchen *looked* like one, and not like the sterile laboratory that it has since become. Twenty-eight years ago, no kitchen was complete without its massive kitchen cabinet, a piece of furniture which, to our way of thinking, has never been improved upon for a utility hold-all for food, cutlery, old bills, buttons, bottle openers and pencil stubs.

The electric ranges in those days had their ovens on top of the stove, a departure in stove design that has never been satisfactorily explained to us. After two hundred years or so, in which stoves had their ovens down beneath the cooking plates or gas rings, why did the designers of electric ranges shove *their* ovens up to the top of the stove? We are glad to note that today the oven is back where it belongs, within easy reach of a pair of cold feet.

On the front page of the Financial Section was a photograph of several English dignitaries greeting some doctors who had gone to England to study British medical methods. Among them was Neville Chamberlain (then Minister of Health), looking exactly like his wax figure which used to stand in Madame Tussaud's. As a matter of fact, he looked more like a wax model than anybody we've ever seen; the only thing missing in 1925 was his umbrella.

President E. C. Lunt, of the Sun Indemnity Life Insurance Company, gave a sure-fire recipe to all young men who wanted to be millionaires by the time they were thirty. He said: "Be honest. Be industrious. Be thorough. Be loyal. Never misrepresent. Don't gamble. Don't drink. Save your money. And then, when you arrive at the age of thirty—find a woman with a million dollars and marry her." We wish we had read that ten years ago —although, even then, we were a complete failure on all the points Mr. Lunt brought up.

The Front Page told of the inauguration proceedings attending the birth of the United Church of Canada, held on June 10, 1925 in the Toronto Arena. It also took a journalistic swing at sculptor Jacob Epstein for a piece of statuary he had made for London's Hyde Park to commemorate W. H. Hudson, the naturalist and author of *Green Mansions*. SATURDAY NIGHT said, "If, as some prosaic persons believe, artists deliberately make ugly things to get themselves talked about, it is quite clear that Jacob Epstein has attained that end, now as in the past."

Incidental intelligence: The Epsom Derby was won in 1925 by Manna, ridden by jockey Steve Donoghue.

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SATURDAY NIGHT
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Did you know that Charlie Chaplin was once a song writer? SATURDAY NIGHT reported that the comedian took time out from cutting and titling his film, *The Gold Rush*, to conduct and play with Abe Lyman's Cocoanut Grove Orchestra. They recorded two of his compositions, *Sing A Song* and *With You Dear, In Bombay*. Neither of these confections ever became popular, as far as we know, but a couple of other 1925 songs did: *The Prisoner's Song* and *Yearning*. In those early days of radio, when you tuned in KDKA or CFCA by scratching a cat's whisker across a piece of crystal, the words, "Oh, if I had the wings of an angel—" became almost as maddening as the words of *Doggy In The Window* are today. The only thing that protected the country's sanity was the fact that the juke box was still a Rube Goldberg dream, and most radio listeners wore ear phones, which protected others in the vicinity from having to listen to "Over these prison walls I would fl—hy—ee!"

Alice Terry and Lewis Stone were appearing at the Hippodrome Theatre in *Confessions Of A Queen*. This play was taken from the book *Kings In Exile*, written by French novelist Alphonse Daudet. That hardy show-business perennial, Jack Arthur, was conducting the Hippodrome orchestra in the playing of another perennial, *In A Persian Garden*.

A STORY headed, "When Children Smoked In School," tells of the 17th Century smoking habits of the English. It relates "that school children carried a pipe in their satchels, which had been filled by their mothers before departing in the morning; and at the accustomed hour everyone laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold the pipe and draw the tobacco." Smoking was supposed to "dissipate the humours."

An advertisement featured the "Disappearing Propeller Boat" which sold for as low as $260. This boat, which came in five different models, seems to have followed its propeller into oblivion since those days.

Tuckett's Preferred Panatela cigars retailed at two for a quarter, and pipe and cigarette tobacco sold for 15c a package, and even though Ontario was under the Temperance Act, the Dominion Brewery advertised its White Label Ale. Which reminds us that two of the most flourishing stores in our boyhood shopping district have now disappeared into history. They were Dr. Mulveney's Worm-Cure store and another emporium that sold brewer's supplies for those people with cast-iron constitutions who made up their own home-brew. Dear old Dr. Mulveney's, with its fasces of roots and herbs, and its fascinating window display of the human alimentary canal, and its glass jars full of yard-long tapeworms? Gone, but never to be forgotten.

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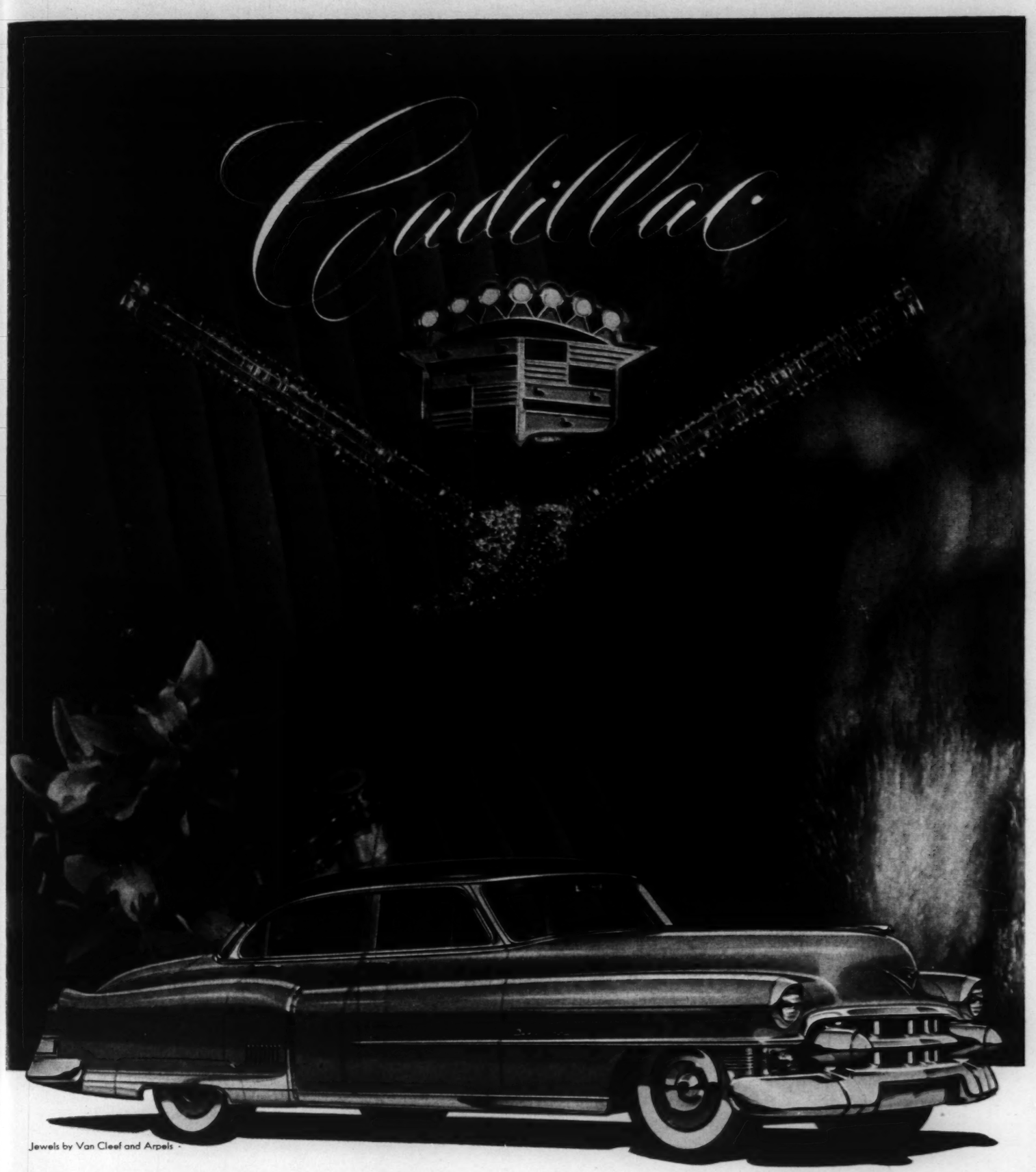
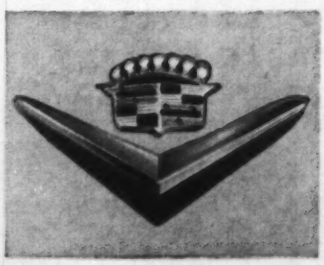


Jewels by Van Cleef and Arpels



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